

Sports Illustrated

MAY 25, 1981 \$1.50

A. J. AT INDY

Foyt Goes
For a
Fifth 500

Valvoline





**"We wanted this to be an absolutely impeccable car
from a quality standpoint."**

Harold K. Sperlich
President, North American Automotive Operations
Chrysler Corporation

Plymouth Reliant K
as shown \$6,999*





The Plymouth Reliant K: Chrysler Engineering developed advanced front-wheel-drive technology to achieve America's highest gasoline mileage in a six-passenger car. 41 25 mpg**

EST. 1981-1987

With expertise gained from more than 11 billion owner miles of front-wheel-drive experience,[†] Chrysler engineered the technologically advanced Reliant K.

Chrysler combined engine, transmission, drive shaft and differential into a single compact power unit. They positioned it between the front wheels where it can't protrude into the passenger compartment.

The result is ample room for six American-sized passengers. Plus a spacious 15 cubic foot trunk. All in a car that's smaller on the outside than the average American compact. And rated 41 est. highway ²⁵ EPA estimated mpg.^{**}

The Chrysler 2.2 litre "Trans 4" with Electronic Fuel Control. A significant step forward in automotive engineering.

Chrysler's basic engine objective is maximum gas mileage without sacrifice of good performance.

Designed for every "Trans 4" engine is an electronic computer that continuously adjusts timing and air-fuel ratio to an ideal mixture as driving conditions change. The result is exceptional fuel economy, smoother engine performance, lower emissions.

The Reliant is a do-it-yourselfer's dream.

Equally important in the "Trans 4" design is its common sense engineering for ease of servicing.

Many major service parts—spark plugs, wiring connections, filters and fluid reservoirs—are up

front on top within easy reach. 8 basic service operations that require 79 minutes and 20 tools in a Chevy Citation take only 33 minutes and 8 tools in a Reliant.^{††}

Quality that will make our friends from Japan sit up and take notice.

Chrysler has invested over 2 billion dollars rebuilding its factories for advanced technology. Reliant is assembled in one of the world's most sophisticated plants.

For example, 98% of Reliant's 2600 body welds are made by batteries of computerized robots—for greater precision and strength.

Each engine is tested by electronic computer for 37 different

functions. 66 individual tests. If it doesn't score 66 straight A's, it doesn't go into a Reliant K.

In total, a Reliant gets over 2000 checks for fits, function and alignments for a level of Chrysler quality never before achieved.

Reliant is the car that Americans have been asking for.

Over the first half of this model year, Chrysler new car sales are up compared to a year ago. GM, Ford, Datsun, Toyota are down.

The K cars are the key reason for Chrysler's gains. Americans have shopped, compared and discovered Reliant delivers the high mileage they need, the room they want at a price they like.



\$5995* is the surprising price of the base model Reliant K Coupe.

The 4-door sedan is \$136 more.

Standard features include: rack-and-pinion steering, front disc brakes, 4-speed manual overdrive, concealed windshield wipers, custom pleated vinyl interior, woodgrain accented instrument panel, glass belted radials, wrap-around vinyl body side molding.

\$6756* equipped the way most Americans like it.

Start with the \$5995* base Reliant, then add any or all of

these: automatic transmission \$381, power steering \$186, deluxe wheel covers \$49, white side wall radials \$55, AM radio \$90, for a total of \$6756. Other options: power brakes \$89, tinted glass \$82, rear defroster \$115, air conditioner \$625.



The New Chrysler Corporation

*Sticker price excluding taxes and destination charges. Whichever is \$55 extra on base Reliant Coupe. **Use EPA est. MPG for comparison. Actual mileage may vary depending on speed, trip length and weather. Actual highway mileage probably lower. Car est. lower. †Based on U.S. sold vehicles with a est. 15,000 miles per vehicle yearly.

††Test conducted by Detroit Testing Laboratory Inc. 20 randomly selected do-it-yourself car owners performed 8 basic service operations on Plymouth Reliant equipped with 2.2 litre engine and Chevrolet Citation equipped with 2.3 litre engine. Both cars without air-aid steering.

A black and white photograph of a hockey game with a heavy motion blur effect, giving a sense of fast action. Several players in red and yellow jerseys are visible on the ice. One player in a red jersey is in the foreground, leaning forward. Another player in a yellow jersey is to the right, also in motion. The background shows other players and spectators, all blurred.

Would a bunch of guys
really go at it this hard
just for a beer?



Well, consider...
they're playing for Michelob Light,
a rich, smooth taste you can
compare to any beer you like.

Michelob Light.

Sports Illustrated Subscriber Service.

PLACE
LABEL
HERE

Change of address? Please give us 4 weeks advance notice. Attach the label for your old address; write in your new address below.

Entering a new subscription? Check the box and fill in your name below. (To order gift subscriptions, please attach a separate sheet.)

Renewing? Check the box below and be sure your mailing label address is correct.

Listing/Unlisting service? Occasionally, we make our mailing list available to other Time Inc. divisions and reputable organizations whose products or services may be of interest to you. If you prefer to have your name added or removed from this list, check the appropriate box below and attach your mailing label.

**PLEASE SEND
SPORTS ILLUSTRATED
FOR 1 YEAR AT \$36.**

- ☐ New subscription ☐ Renewal
☐ Payment enclosed ☐ Bill me later
☐ Please add my name to your mailing list
☐ Please remove my name from your mailing list

Name _____
 Address _____ Apt. No. _____
 City _____ State/Province _____ Zip/Post Code _____
 Telephone Number () _____
 (area code) (number)

For even faster service, phone toll-free
 800-621-8200 (in Illinois, 800-973-8303).
 Mail to SPORTS ILLUSTRATED, 541 N. Fairbanks
 Court, Chicago, Illinois 60611. Subscription price in
 the U.S., Canada, Puerto Rico and the Caribbean
 Islands: \$36 a year. All others \$40 a year. S413/85

LETTER FROM THE PUBLISHER



Strollers in Portland's Overlook Park last week were treated to a spirited softball game between the seriously outfitted, color-coordinated Mago's tavern team and a rather loosely organized, jeans-clad Mall 205 squad. But it was the 205s who boasted the only player ever to have appeared on an official baseball card. That was for Larry Colton's six-week sojourn in the majors as a pitcher for the Philadelphia Phillies in 1968.

"I was called up early in the season, from San Diego in the Pacific Coast League, and made one appearance, in Cincinnati," says the 205s' current rightfielder. A few weeks later he was jumped by three drunks after a game in San Francisco. "They were just looking for a fight, and I got beaten up. It was the only fight I've ever been in. They separated my left shoulder and I spent the season on the disabled list. Then I got sent down and traded. The rest, as they say, is history."

Colton, whose account of his last professional game begins on page 120, grew up in Los Angeles and played basketball and baseball at Westchester High. Then, at Berkeley, he was a shortstop, rightfielder and pitcher on a team that included Mike Epstein, later a major league first baseman, Rich Nye, who would become a pitcher for the Cubs, and Craig Morton, who forsook hardball for football and took Denver to the 1978 Super Bowl.

"I graduated in 1965, just when Berkeley was starting to get hot, with the free speech movement and political activism," he said. Such stirrings may help to explain his hobby of collecting startling headlines and taping them on the bathroom walls in his house.



LARRY COLTON—HE'S OUT IN WHITE FIELD

"My favorite is NIXON RESIGNS."

For the last 10 years Colton has divided his time between teaching high school English in Portland and writing, mostly for local newspapers and magazines. Regular readers of *Willamette Week* have enjoyed his satirical features for the past five years and he does occasional columns on a wide variety of topics for *The Oregonian*. In 1976 and 1977 he stopped teaching to write *Idiot Time*, a book about the championship season of the Portland Trail Blazers. "About seven books came out at once," he recalled. "Talk about Blazersmania!" At the moment he is at work on a second book, a novel.

And playing softball in Overlook Park. Though the 205s were defeated by Mago's last week, Colton had three singles and a walk in four times at bat. In the season opener a week earlier he had a home run, a triple and a double in three at bats.

"We have signals, but I don't know them," he says somewhat apologetically. "I'm not in the league to bust, and after four broken ankles, I'm sure as heck not going to steal. Anyway, who needs signals? I'm batting 1.000."

Philip D. Haver



1954: Harold S. Mohler, industrial engineer, checking a Hershey bar packaging line

Harold Mohler, when did you start reading The Wall Street Journal?

"Back in 1951, it was my boss who got The Journal," recalls Harold S. Mohler, Chairman of the Board of Hershey Foods Corporation. "I read it when he was done. You see, I've always been interested in things that have an impact on business."

"I get first crack at The Journal these days. And I read it for a lot of the same reasons. If something important happens in business, I know it'll be covered—and covered thoroughly—in The Journal."

Page after page. Monday through Friday, The Wall Street Journal is packed with important business news, informa-

tion, facts and insights you need. Reliable information. Complete information. Usable information.

The Journal gets the business news to you faster than any weekly, biweekly or monthly.

And it gives you the news in more detail—more significant, useful detail—than any newspaper's business section.

Harold Mohler knows exactly where to find the important business news. And so should you. Start reading The Wall Street Journal every business day.



Today: Harold S. Mohler, Chairman of the Board of Hershey Foods Corporation

The Wall Street Journal.

All the business news you need. When you need it.

Have The Journal delivered every business day. One year \$37. Or 16 weeks for \$55. Call toll free 800-358-9999 except in Hawaii and Alaska. (In California 800-862-4999.) Or write: The Wall Street Journal, 200 Barrett Road, Danvers, Massachusetts 01923. ©1981 Dow Jones & Company, Inc. All Rights Reserved.

**First job,
first apartment,
first big
money worries.**

**But
major medical
bills probably
won't be
one of them.**



**Linda's one of
148,000,000 Americans
protected from
major medical expenses.**

When you're going independent for the first time in your life, the last thing you want to contend with is major medical bills. Linda won't have to. She's one of 148,000,000 people protected by major medical insurance.

And many millions more have private basic health insurance protection. Benefit plans are expanding to include special services like dental care, nursing home care, home health care, psychiatric care, and alcohol and drug abuse treatment.

For more major medical information, write for our free booklet *Major Medical Expense...Are You Ready for It?* The Health Insurance Institute, Dept. 25, 1850 K Street NW, Washington, DC 20006

**INFLATION AND
HEALTH CARE COSTS**

We're making progress in the fight against inflation by supporting efforts to keep health costs down. One way is to encourage people to stay physically fit. Insurance companies are among the many organizations promoting greater self-responsibility for health. Programs encouraging regular exercise, weight control, non-smoking, and drug abuse prevention can help reduce the nation's medical bill.

And since health insurance premiums directly reflect medical costs, keeping those costs down helps keep your premium costs down, too.

We realize that reaching our goal of "good health care for everyone that everyone can afford" won't be easy. But nothing worthwhile ever is.

**HEALTH
INSURANCE
ASSOCIATION
OF AMERICA.**

Let's Keep Health Care Healthy

Sideline

by FRANZ LIDZ

IN BUBBLE-GUM CARDS, TOPPS IS STILL TOPS, BUT NO LONGER UNCHALLENGED

As Sy Berger strolls through a major league locker room, he's as convivial and easygoing as a social director in a retirement village. He's downright courtly to the pitchers, friendly toward the catchers, outgoing with centerfielders, a favorite uncle to all. He acts as if he could carry on a conversation with a bat rack.

And there's good reason why Berger should feel as relaxed and as welcome in locker rooms as in his own living room. He's the advance man for Topps Chewing Gum, purveyors of more than half a billion baseball cards a year. This season, though, Berger's amiability is tinged with nervousness. For the first time in 25 years Topps has competition at the

corner confectionery. And in the world of bubble-gum trading cards, that can be a sticky situation.

When Berger started recruiting players in the early '50s, Topps was a hot young prospect competing for a spot against veteran Bowman Gum. But Topps benched Bowman for good in less than five seasons, leaving Berger pretty much alone in conferring pasteboard immortality. For the ensuing 25 years virtually all Berger had to do was read the rosters each spring and sign the players' royalty checks. This year, however, Fleer, a company on the comeback, and Donruss, a brash rookie out of General Mills, are horning in on the action. "The irony is that Fleer and Donruss are putting out cards on my efforts," says Berger, the self-anointed father of the modern baseball card. "They're trying to do us in."

"There's a market out there, and we aim to participate," counters Fleer President Donald D. Peck, whose company won a lengthy court battle last year to

burst Topps' monopolistic bubble. And it's a monopoly worth busting into. Though marketing analysts at Topps say that baseball cards contend with candy and comic books for kids' discretionary pennies, apparently today's children have enough pennies at their discretion to make the cards a \$10 million a year industry.

Baseball cards were first distributed in the late 19th century, after Joe Blong but before Snitz Applegate. In the beginning they came with cigarettes—Old Judge, Sweet Caporal, Turkey Red—and of the early cards the 1910 Honus Wagner is the most prized. The slightly presumptuous American Tobacco Co. brought it out without getting the Flying Dutchman's permission, and Wagner, who didn't smoke, sued. The company pulled the cards, which made them scarce, enhancing their value for collectors. Now a Wagner can command \$25,000, and one collector recently turned down \$50,000 for his. Over the years, in addition

continued

Get The Dry Look... and a free ticket to a baseball game.



Here's the pitch:

1. Just buy any package of The Dry Look® pump or spray. It'll leave your hair feeling as soft and natural as it looks.
2. Send your name, address, and zip code, along with the UPC code number from the package label, the cash register tape and your choice of baseball team to:

The Dry Look Baseball Ticket Offer
P.O. Box 4054
Mankato, MN 55362

3. We'll send you back a coupon good for a free regular-season reserved seat when you buy a reserved-seat ticket to any major or minor league baseball game.*

*Subject to ticket availability and team restrictions. Offer expires August 1, 1985.

So get The Dry Look... and your good looks can get you into a baseball game free.



Available in pump or aerosol.

Ford Motor Company introduces the Customer Information System. It makes great after-sale service even better.



Ford Motor Company's continuing commitment to meet America's needs by striving to build high quality, fuel-efficient vehicles is matched by a continuing commitment to customer satisfaction. Ford Motor Company offers after-the-sale services unlike those offered by any other car company.

CUSTOMER INFORMATION SYSTEM

Under the new Ford Customer Information System, you're able to obtain information from Ford regarding Ford-Paid Repair Programs and Technical Service Bulletins for your vehicle or the vehicle of interest to you at no charge.

• FORD-PAID REPAIR PROGRAMS AFTER THE WARRANTY PERIOD.

Sometimes Ford offers adjustment programs to pay all or part of the cost of certain repairs after the written warranty expires, which can save you money. These programs are not recalls. They aren't required by any governmental agency. They're initiated by us and are intended to help our owners.

• TECHNICAL SERVICE BULLETINS.

All vehicles need repairs during their lifetime. Sometimes Ford issues Technical Service Bulletins and easy-to-read explanations describing unusual engine or transmission conditions which could lead to costly repairs. We recommend what should be done and offer the latest repair procedures to protect against a more costly repair later.

To get copies of these bulletins or information concerning any adjustment programs relating to your vehicle or to obtain a one-year subscription to the Information System, just ask your Ford or Lincoln-Mercury Dealer, call us toll-free 24 hours a day at 1-800-241-3673 (in Alaska or Hawaii, call 1-800-241-3711; in Georgia, call 1-800-282-0959), or write:

Ford Customer Information System,
P.O. Box 95427,
Atlanta, GA 30347.

We'll need to know your name and address;
year, make and model of your vehicle; engine size; and whether you have a
manual or automatic transmission.

Here are four more reasons to own Ford or Lincoln-Mercury products.

• **THE FORD MOTOR COMPANY EXTENDED SERVICE PLAN.** E S P is an option that could pay for itself! If you purchase it at the time you buy your new vehicle, you extend protection to most major components beyond the basic warranty period. You may never need E S P, but it's sure nice to know it's there. See your Dealer for details.

• **THREE-YEAR LIMITED CORROSION WARRANTY.** All Ford Motor Company cars and light trucks (under 10,000 lbs. GVW) carry a no-cost 36-month limited corrosion perforation warranty (excluding exhaust system components). It takes confidence to offer that kind of warranty. A warranty that means protection for you. See your Dealer for details.

• **SUPER SEAL.** This Dealer-applied anticorrosion process supplements the corrosion-resisting processes applied at the factory. Using tools specially designed for our vehicles, participating Ford and Lincoln-Mercury Dealers apply Super Seal to hidden areas where

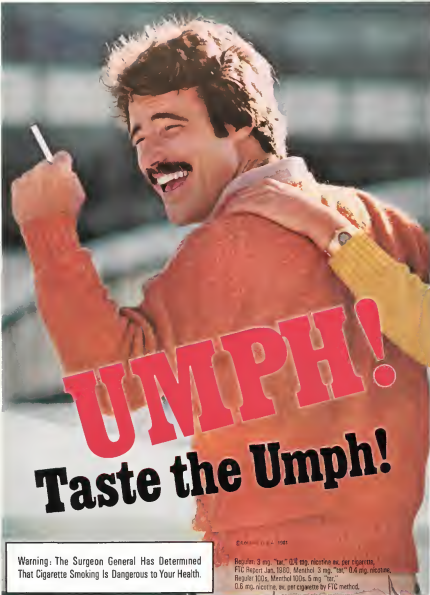
corrosion can begin in severe weather conditions. Buy Super Seal with your new privately owned vehicle, and you get Lifetime Repair Protection against inside-to-outside corrosion repair for as long as you own your Ford or Lincoln-Mercury product. Super Seal also provides a five-year protection plan for the original owners of commercial vehicles.

If you plan to keep your new vehicle longer in the future, consider this option.

• **CONTINUED MECHANIC SERVICE TRAINING.** Ford Motor Company Dealer mechanics never stop going to school. They are continuously updated on the latest techniques and procedures to help them know how to keep your Ford or Lincoln-Mercury product running at peak efficiency. We know that if we want your next new vehicle to be a Ford product, we'd better take care of the one you're driving now.

FORD PARTS AND SERVICE DIVISION





UMPH!

Taste the Umph!

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined
That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

© 1984 B&W T Co.

Regular 3 mg. "tar," 0.4 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette,
FTC Report Jan. 1980, Menthol 3 mg. "tar," 0.4 mg. nicotine,
Regular 100s, Menthol 100s, 5 mg. "tar,"
0.6 mg. nicotine, av. per cigarette by FTC method.



TRIUMPH[®] 100's

NEW

only 5mg tar
ALSO IN KING SIZE: 3MG TAR

TRIUMPH
100s



TRIUMPH
100s



**HOW FAR WILL YOU GET
BEFORE YOU START LOSING
WHAT HELPS YOUR
BODY RUN?**

Your body can sweat away up to 4 pints of fluid an hour. Fluid made up of minerals and salts that help it perform.

Regular or Instant Gatorade® thirst quencher is made to put back what you lose. Before you start running low.

**GATORADE®
GIVES YOUR BODY
WHAT IT'S THIRSTY FOR.**



© 1983 Globely-Van Camp, Inc.

**WATER
SODIUM
GLUCOSE
CHLORIDE
POTASSIUM**



Gatorade®

SIDELINE *continued*

to gum, the cards have helped sell Post Toasties, Num Num Potato Chips and Red Heart Dog Food. (There's no record of a dog ever paying \$25,000 for a baseball card, proving once again that dogs are smarter than people.)

When Topps, a Brooklyn confectioner that has been in business since 1939, decided to compete with Bowman in 1951, Berger sid in with his spikes up. He camped out in clubhouses, enticed players to sign exclusively with Topps and even designed the 1952 set of cards.

By 1956 Bowman had gone the way of nickel bags of ball-park peanuts. Fleer, a Philadelphia-based confectionery company, came up for a cup of coffee in 1959, but it didn't stay around long. "One problem," says Peck, "was that nearly every player had signed an exclusive agreement with Topps that covered not only cards sold with gum but also cards sold with candy and cards sold by themselves."

Fleer challenged in 1959 with a minuscule 66-card set—Topps had 572 different ones that year—that it marketed in card-cookie packs. Not very good cookies, either. To avoid infringing on Topps' contracts, the sugar content of the cookies had to remain well below that which constituted candy. The result was cookies that tasted like dog biscuits. "It was really a half-baked idea," Peck says. "Kids expect gum with cards. It has a certain sex appeal."

Meanwhile, Berger's team of backslappers had thwacked its way through the bush leagues, signing just about everyone on the off chance they'd make it to the majors. Because Topps had exclusive long-term contracts with staggered expiration dates, it would be years before Fleer could sign even a small percentage of major leaguers. "We never did anything overt to keep out the competition," says Berger. "We just signed the players before they did."

Fleer soon got out of the baseball-card business, but in 1975 it filed a \$13.6 million suit charging Topps with having a monopoly. Last July a federal judge found for Fleer, but awarded the company treble damages totaling only \$3—about the going rate for a 1952 minicondition Topps Myron Ginsburg card. Neither side was satisfied by the ruling. They're both appealing, but at least Fleer had opened the way for competition in baseball cards.

Now all three card-makers—Topps, *continued*

OUR \$2 REBATE IS THE LAST REASON TO CHANGE.



THE TOUGH REASON.

CAM2[®] 10W40 is one tough ten-forty at a not-so-tough price. Tough because, like all of our oils, it stays in grade even in today's harder working engines. Following your car's recommended oil changes, CAM2 goes in a 10W40, and comes out a 10W40.

THE MILEAGE REASON.

CAM2 Mileage, with its low friction qualities, can save you enough gas to pay for your next oil change. An average of 14 extra miles per tankful. Up to 30 in some cars.

THE PERFORMANCE REASON.

CAM2 Race Proven is the only multi-grade oil to ever help win the Indy 500. The performance of this advanced oil has been trusted in engines worth over \$50,000. And now you can have that Race Proven 20W50 performance for your machine.

THE PROTECTION REASON.

All CAM2 motor oils carry a classification of SF. The highest protection rating listed by the American Petroleum Institute. It means you can't buy an oil with a better protection rating.

And, as if all that isn't reason enough to change, here's one more...

THE LAST REASON.

The Great CAM2 \$2 Rebate is back! Just buy 5 quarts of CAM2 Mileage, Race Proven or 10W40 oil during April or May, and send us proof of purchase with your name and address. We'll send you two bucks back.

I have enclosed proofs of purchase, my name (please) and the Universal Product Code area (the series of vertical lines and the number's beneath these lines) from the back of each of 5 quarts of CAM2 Mileage, Race Proven or 10W40 or the label (mine from a 5-gal. can, which I purchased). Please allow 8 weeks for delivery of your rebate. Offer not where prohibited, taxed or restricted by law. Offer good April 1 through May 31, 1987. Limit one two dollar rebate per household.

Mail this coupon to: **CAM2 \$2 REBATE**
P.O. BOX 9603, Blair, Nebraska 68009



Name

Address

City State

Zip

THE ATHLETE'S FOOT DOCTOR

- Stops the itching.
- Kills the fungus.
- Helps the healing.

New and improved. Dr. Scholl's Athlete's Foot Products now contain clinically proven, doctor-recommended tolnaftate for treatment and prevention of athlete's foot.

Dr. Scholl's



Read and follow label directions.
©1991 Scholl, Inc.

MOST MEN AGREE EDGE LETS YOU SHAVE CLOSER THAN FOAM



©1991 S. C. Johnson & Son, Inc.

Colleges shouldn't have to choose between lighting their buildings and enlightening their students.

—Thomas Edison
inventor

Today, colleges all across America are being hurt by inflation.

So please give generously to the college of your choice. The money you give will make everyone's future brighter.

Help! Give to the college of your choice.



Illustration courtesy of J. Edmonds by
©1991 American Red Cross, New York, N.Y. 10001

SIDELINE continued

Fleer and Donruss—are looking for an edge. While a pack of cards retails for 30¢ regardless of its manufacturer, Topps offers 15 cards out of a set of 726 to a pack; Fleer gives 17 cards from its set of 660; and Donruss 18 from a set of 605. Fleer shipped its cards just before the Super Bowl, a full month before the traditional mid-February baseball-card release date. "We forced Topps' hand," Peck says. Apparently not, since Topps stuck with the February date, as did Donruss.

The photos on the face side of the competitors' cards vary only slightly. Topps' shots were snapped by its four photographers during last year's exhibition and regular seasons. Those on Fleer and Donruss cards were largely culled from the private stocks of free-lancers.

The biggest differences in the cards are found on their flip side. Fleer cards are backed with dry-as-dust stats. Donruss uses fewer numbers; instead, it offers career highlights that tend to read like medical case histories. You get to know an awful lot about Dave Edwards' appendix, Tom Hausman's ulcers and Joe Charbonneau's groin. And Donruss cards have a lot of the sort of errors one might expect of a rookie. To cite several examples, the picture identified as Vern Riffe is actually of Bob Forsch; Johnny Ellis' name appears under Danny Walton's photo; and Bobby Bonds, who isn't even in the major leagues anymore, is credited with 936 career home runs, which no doubt comes as news to Henry Aaron.

Topps mixes the numbers on the back of its cards with cartoons, as it has done for the past 20 years. Its most memorable card this year shows Angel Catcher Bob Davis looking like a man possessed and informs us that he "lists snake hunting among his favorite pastimes."

Inside information like this is why Jack Renner, 9, of Norwalk, Conn. prefers Topps. "You get to know the player's fantasies," he says. "It's a lot better hobby than watching TV." And more fun than chewing the gum. Renner considers the rosy slabs to be too brittle, so he mostly throws them up in the air to watch them shatter on the pavement. "Topps gum isn't really bad and Donruss gum's O.K., I guess," he says, "but Fleer's is the awfulest stuff anybody ever tasted." Renner knows what he's talking about, Peck admits. "It's Fleer's lowest-quality gum."

While Donruss gum may be chewable, its cards are the least flippable. "They're too flummy," claims Leo Lunser, 32, the

continued

The possible dream.

Catch your dream.

Whether it's fishing a secret lake at dawn. Easing down a sleepy river. Or just being alone, thinking. Your Mercury® dealer can put you there with your own boat and motor, for less than you think.

Mercury's been making dreams happen for over 40 years. Building affordable outboards that last. And last.

And when you buy a Merc, you get more than just an engine that has to stand up to rigid testing.

You get a year's worth of warranty on parts and labor. Long-lasting value to protect your investment. And assurance that there's a well-trained mechanic nearby at any of the 6,000 Mercury dealers, worldwide.

Go ahead and catch your dream. It's as close as your nearest Mercury dealer.

Mercury Marine
Find a U.S. Wholesaler
Circle 49 on Reader Service

MERCURY
OUTBOARDS
WINDWARD COMPANY



undisputed card-pitching champion of Sanford, Maine. "You can't get the good flip."

Another thing that bothers Lunser is the photography on the Donruss cards. It's indistinct, he says. Indeed, the Jim Kern card is the worst of a collection that is rife with washed-out and bleary photos. "Donruss cards look too posed," Lunser says. "I can visualize the photographer saying, 'O.K., lift the bat a little now. Now, tilt your head.'"

Jack Wallin, of course, would disagree. He's the rookie photographer who took most of the Donruss set. He thinks his shots are the most artistic. "I'd stack my 300 best against anybody else's best 300," he says flustered.

Fleer contract photographer Steve Babineau thinks art has very little to do with it. "If you have three Richie Hebners, two will be fundamentally the same," he says. "What can ballplayers do except stand around holding a bat? Kids just want the athlete's face anyway."

Every spring the bubble-gum card

photographers shuttle from training camp to training camp like traveling salesmen hitting small-town dry-goods stores. At 74, George Heyer has been covering the territory for Topps for nearly a quarter of a century. He has been around so long it's rumored he carries the negative of an Abner Doubleday card in his camera bag. Heyer was responsible for the famed 1964 Don Mossi ugly card, on which the ears of the former Tiger pitcher appear to droop down to his knees.

"Look this way," Heyer tells a young Reds hopeful. "Push your cap back. Drop your head. I want to see your number." Flashbulbs pop like supercharged fireflies. The rookie winces.

Heyer pauses to load his camera. He sighs, squints at his roster, takes off his glasses and cleans them on his shirttail. He is unperturbed by the player tapping his shoulder.

"Can I get one without my helmet?" asks Sam Mejias. "I've been on cards for four years now, but always in a helmet."

Heyer nods. "If they're sad, I tell them to cheer up a little," he says. "I don't really care, though. I can't wait around for them to cheer up. To be perfectly honest, I never look at baseball except when I'm sent down here."

Some players don't care if Heyer ever comes around. "I used to be embarrassed to go out and pose," recalls Al Kaline. "They always got me before games on the road, and the fans would be yelling, 'Hey, Kaline, you bum.' I'd ask the photographer to use the card from the year before. Hell, I was on 21 of them."

There may be 10,000 mug shots of Kaline in Chicago's Sport Collector's Store, which houses about 18 million baseball cards. Among 1981 cards the Collector's Store is selling slightly more Topps cards than Fleer or Donruss. In fact, Topps is selling just as many cards as it was before the card wars began. Jack Renner, for example, is one card-carrying kid who's sticking with Topps—but, then, that's the only brand they sell down the block at Mike's Deli.

END

Both mowers include:

- Reliable recoil starter
- Convenient rear bagging
- Generous 20-inch swath
- Powerful 3½-hp Briggs and Stratton engine
- Handy wheel height adjusters
- Practical fold-down handle for easy storage

PUSH MODEL

\$169⁸⁸



SELF-PROPELLED MODEL

\$218⁸⁸

K mart really cuts it— the grass and the price.

Groom your grass and save your green with a gutsy Toplight power mower by MTD, on sale now. These deluxe units combine outstanding features and rugged construction, making short work of your summer lawn chores for years to come. Mow down the cost of keeping up your lawn of more than 1,800 K mart stores throughout the U.S.A.

ON SALE MAY 18
THROUGH MAY 30

Quality at a K mart price. Nice.

Kmart
The Saving Place™

Attention Health Nuts!

Consider all the ways you can enjoy Blue Diamond® Whole Natural Almonds—the shelled whole almonds in brown skins, fresh and crisp from the Almond People.®



Whole Natural Almonds
one of seven snack nuts from the Almond People.®



Exercisers... keep a supply of Blue Diamond® Almonds handy. This is one snack you know makes good sense when hunger strikes.

Tennis Players... munch whole natural almonds, a good snack between sets.



Swimmers... have a handful of whole natural almonds when you finish your laps. These fresh raw nuts taste good after your workout.

T/A[®] HIGH TECH[™] RADIALS



Objective: Design a high-performance street radial good enough to win on the track by integrating technical expertise with racing experience.

The Radial T/A[®] tire has an open, aggressive tread pattern with wide footprint and low profile to deliver excellent wet and dry traction for positive steering response, good road handling.

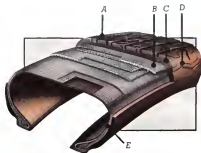


BF Goodrich



The Radial T/A tires you buy are the same design and construction developed and proven on the track with worldwide wins in IMSA and Murburging events. (Tires are shaved to one-half tread depth for racing.)

- A Deep tread depth, five, six, and seven ribs wide.
- B Four-ply DuraGard[®] folded belt system
- C Dual compound tread
- D Wraparound tread design.
- E Two radial plies.



Bold raised white letters on one side, raised black letters on reverse sidewall. Available in 50, 60, and 70 series sizes.

Every Radial T/A tire utilizes state-of-the-art technology to meet the driving requirements of a particular vehicle type. Whether you drive a sports car, sedan, or light truck, there's a Radial T/A designed for you. T/A[®] High Tech[™] radiates Truly, the State of the Art.



UNLEASH THE SPIRIT!

The feeling begins with Blue Stratos.[®]
Adventurous Blue Stratos.[®]
The new men's cologne and after shave.
With a feeling of freedom
that begins only with
Blue Stratos.

Feel it!
Brisk. Bold.
Adventurous Blue Stratos.[®]



SCORECARD

Edited by JERRY KIRSHENBAUM

FOUNDATIONS FOR REFORM

The blatant conflicts of interest that exist among top management at the Fair Grounds racetrack in New Orleans continue to sow controversy. When we last looked at the situation (SCORECARD, March 23), Bob Roesler, executive sports editor of the New Orleans Times-Picayune, had been barred from the press box after reporting that Dr. Alex Harthill, a veterinarian and a paid consultant to Fair Grounds President Joseph P. Dorignac Jr., had been in the practice of protecting the boss' interests by posting himself at the claiming box and trying to prevent Dorignac's horses (35 of which he races at his own track) from being claimed; there also were accusations that Harthill, who gained national publicity as the vet for Dancer's Image when it won the Kentucky Derby with a prohibited pain-killer in its system, was practicing at the track without a license. Roesler further reported that the track's three stewards had taken no action when Beau Rit, a Kentucky Derby-bound horse (he finished 13th at Louisville) was found to have traces of a forbidden drug in its system after winning a big race at the Fair Grounds. Two of the stewards had been appointed by the Fair Grounds management, which made it noteworthy that Louis Roussel III, who trains Beau Rit and whose wife owns the horse, is the track attorney and owner of a company that holds 20% of the track's stock.

Recent events only reinforce the feeling that something is seriously amiss at the Fair Grounds. During a court hearing last month, two jockeys testified that they had accepted cash from a third to finish out of the money in a race at the Fair Grounds last Valentine Day. Despite these admissions, one of the jockeys, L.J. Durousseau, who had appeared in court in Roussel's behalf, was allowed to race at the Fair Grounds the next day. An Orleans Parish grand jury is looking into the race-fixing allegations. Meanwhile, New Orleans Civil District Judge Steven

R. Plotkin recently held Roussel and three track security men in contempt for barring an alleged "undesirable" from the track in defiance of a court order.

The 10-member Louisiana Racing Commission, which is responsible for overseeing the state's five tracks, is involved in conflicts of its own. Chairman Albert M. Stall and three other commission members run their horses at state tracks and until recently, the commission occupied offices in a bank owned by Roussel's father. In hopes of dispelling "a cloud of public doubt and suspicion," Louisiana Governor Dave Treen last month asked all the commissioners to resign, an invitation that only one of them has so far accepted. Three weeks ago the state ethics commission interpreted existing state law as forbidding 1) racing commissioners from running their own horses at Louisiana tracks and 2) any owner from running his horses at a track in which he has an interest of 25% or more.

Welcome though this ruling was, some state legislators are pushing for laws that would not only explicitly abolish the conflicts of interest but would also prevent officials from transferring ownership to relatives as a way of getting around such a prohibition. The Fair Grounds is the only Louisiana thoroughbred track at which members of top management run their own horses, and the presidents of the state's other tracks all favor the reform legislation. Louisiana Downs President Vincent Bartiano points out that he owns a prize filly but doesn't run her as his track because, "I think it's a conflict of interest. As president I am in complete charge of the track. Even if nothing is wrong, it looks bad."

THE KING & HIS COURT

Jigme Singye Wangchuk, the king of Bhutan, is the fourth Druk Gyalpo, or Dragon King, of his line. He's not too bad from the foul line, either. The ruler

of the remote Himalayan kingdom shoe-horned between India and Tibet is a basketball freak who simply can't get enough of the game. The 25-year-old monarch got turned on to hoops while attending school in England, and he hones his skills by watching videotapes of NBA games that are sent to him, along with balls and sneakers, by the Bhutanese Mission to the United Nations. And according to Steve Nycum, he's the best player in his country.

Nycum, a 6'9½" Californian who played college ball in the early '70s at Texas Tech and Chapman College, re-



cently completed a one-year stint as the country's basketball coach, for which job he was personally recruited by the king. During his stay Nycum played center for the Royal Bhutanese Army team, which scrimmaged nearly every afternoon with a team consisting mainly of the king and his royal bodyguards at an outdoor playground in Thimphu, the nation's capital. The captain of Nycum's team, and the king's cousin, was a puckish, playmaking guard named Paljore Dorji, or "C.J.," the head of the country's highest court. The initials stand for Chief Justice or, to some, Court Jester.

Nycum describes the 5'9" king as a shooting guard—which sets him apart, of course, from both point guards and palace guards. "He has a great spinning hook shot and whirls around like the old Earl Monroe," Nycum says. "But his outside shot is his best weapon." The king's presence on the court, Nycum continues, has more than once intimidated opposing players, who appear reluctant to foul royalty. Nycum also says the monarch used to travel a lot with the ball but his pretty much corrected that deficiency, no

continued



Binder

Case

A Good Save

Sports Illustrated is more than a weekly magazine—it's one that you'll find yourself referring back to time and time again. And what better way to save and protect your copies than with Sports Illustrated Library Cases and Binders. They're custom-designed for the magazine. Rugged. Handsome. A perfect way to combat clutter and conserve space. Color: Navy blue with silver Sports Illustrated emblem.

Case: Each case holds 26 issues \$5.95 each, three for \$17.00, six for \$30.00

Binder: Each binder holds 13 issues \$7.50 each, three for \$21.75, six for \$42.00.

To order, just fill in and mail the coupon below

To: Jesse Jones Box Corp
P.O. Box 5120, Dept. 51
Philadelphia, Pa. 19141

My check or money order for \$ _____ is enclosed. Please send me

— Sports Illustrated Case(s) Prices: \$5.95 each, 3 for \$17.00, 6 for \$30.00
— Sports Illustrated Binder(s) for issues 1970 to present. Prices: \$7.50 each, 4 for \$29.00
— Sports Illustrated Binder(s) for issues prior to 1970. Prices: \$7.50 each, 4 for \$29.00

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

Allow five weeks for delivery (U.S.A. Orders Only)

SCORECARD continued

thanks to Bhutanese referees, who have been reluctant to blow the whistle on him. The refs are also hesitant about calling fouls on the king, Nycum says, adding, "If they don't call a foul and he thinks he's committed one, he'll sometimes throw the ball out of bounds and lecture the refs sternly."

But the king doesn't shrink entirely from exercising the royal prerogative. His Majesty plays with the sleeves of his kha, a traditional robe-like garment, wrapped rakishly around his waist, a getup that goes nicely with his Pro Keds. The length of the royal games seems to be determined by a sort of divine intervention. "The king lets everyone know when it's halftime," says Nycum. The king also signals that the end of a game is nearing by saying "five more buckets."

HOLD THAT TIGER

After Tacoma Tiger Manager Ed Nottle was thrown out of a game in Tacoma's Cheney Stadium during a fifth-inning rhabarb, players on the Edmonton Trapper bench noticed that the home team's Tiger-costumed mascot had replaced his sneakers with a pair of white baseball shoes. Could the masked figure who was dancing in the stands with fans be the banished Nottle, a would-be nightclub performer who strums a guitar and sang the national anthem on Opening Day? Such suspicions grew stronger when the "Tiger" found time to consult with the Tigers' third base coach in the manner of a manager urgently plotting strategy. When an umpire, alerted by the Edmonton players, tried to approach him, the mascot beat a hasty retreat. Several days after Tacoma's 4-3 victory, Pacific Coast League President William S. Cutler issued the following directive: "Club mascots—chickens, tigers, beavers, etc.—will not be allowed on the playing field while the game is in progress."

FAST BREAKS & BREAKFASTS

Officials at KOIN-TV, the CBS affiliate in Portland, Ore., were getting a lot of flak over their decision to show Thursday's sixth and, as it turned out, deciding game of the NBA championship series between Boston and Houston on a delayed basis, at 11:30 p.m. One fan who wanted the game aired live in prime time was Don Berchtold, owner of a well-known local restaurant, Johns Meatmarket. "When games start at 11:30, nobody makes it to the third quarter,"

Berchtold complained to KOIN-TV General Manager Mick Schaffbuch and Station Manager Howard Kennedy.

Schaffbuch and Kennedy argued that there were fans who would stay up late to watch playoff games, and they devised a scheme to prove it. By arrangement with a doubting Berchtold, they inserted several 30-second spots into the delayed telecast, announcing that the first 600 people who showed up between 6 and 9 a.m. on Friday at Johns Meatmarket, which normally isn't open that early, would get a full breakfast for 6¢. The point the station officials were trying to make was that there would be 600 takers. Berchtold predicted there wouldn't be that many.

Fifty people were in line when the restaurant opened at 6 a.m., and more followed quickly. The bargain-seekers included a lot of night people, not all of them basketball fans. Among those who partook of the 6¢ breakfast, which consisted of scrambled eggs, sausages, hash browns, cinnamon rolls, orange juice, gin fizzes and all the coffee one could drink, were a dozen nurses from the night shift at Good Samaritan Hospital. One of them, Carol Newman, said they learned of the offer from patients. "They were all winning the game," she said. "We couldn't get any of them to go to sleep, especially that guy in 52." Patrick Fetsch, a student at Portland State University, showed up with a date and said, "It's not very often I can take a lady friend out and wine and dine her for 12¢. I guess I'm the last of the big-time spenders." Said Doris Hall, after driving 15 miles to the restaurant, "I was astounded when I heard it on TV. I'm a nocturnal person. I don't normally get up until noon. But I wouldn't have missed this."

But Berchtold turned out to be right. When 9 a.m. arrived, "only" 475 people had taken advantage of the breakfast offer, this despite the fact that radio stations had carried news of the 6¢ breakfast throughout the morning. "We didn't even reach 600," Berchtold said. "If more people had been watching that game, they would've been knocking down the doors." To be sure, the crush of business may have been more than enough for one of the restaurant's waitresses. When a customer arrived at 8:30 a.m. and asked, "Are you still having the basketball breakfast?" she wearily replied, "We're all out of basketballs, but we still have food."

continued



These Time-Zero
cameras not only focus themselves,
they give you the time of day.



Free.

Just send us a dollar to cover the cost of handling and we'll send you a Texas Instruments digital chronograph by return mail. It's part of the bargain when you buy the Time-Zero SX-70 AutoFocus, Time-Zero Pronto AutoFocus or one of the "plus" models with strobe.

They're all incredible cameras with advanced electronic circuitry and Polaroid's exclusive Sonar automatic focusing. And all of them use new Time-Zero Supercolor film. So you get precisely focused, Time-Zero Supercolor pictures every time.

And the Texas Instruments digital chronograph is an

equally ingenious technical marvel in its own right. It will keep time in 2 zones, includes a stopwatch with automatic continuation, interior illumination, night-time viewing and accuracy up to 1/100 of a second. Plus day, date and year readouts.

Just send the dated sales receipt, customer registration card, a coupon from your participating dealer and one dollar for handling to this address: Polaroid Chronograph Offer, PO Box 2814, Reidsville, N.C. 27322.

Polaroid

© 1984 Polaroid Corporation. All rights reserved. Time-Zero is a registered trademark of Polaroid Corporation. The Polaroid logo is a trademark of Polaroid Corporation. All other trademarks are the property of their respective owners.

Science. The Great Adventure

Science. It's a world that's too much with us to let it go by unnoticed, unreported. For it is how we live, what we do with our resources, our imagination. It is technology, medicine, psychology, genealogy. It's computers, cosmology, chemistry. It is genetics, phonetics, zoology, biology. It is outer space and universe. It is mysteries, some revealed, others still hidden. It is the vastness of nature, the nature of questions asked and answers applied. It is a great adventure, a voyage of discovery. And DISCOVER is Time Incorporated's newest newsmagazine—a journal of all the sciences, of what scientists are doing and thinking, of what it portends now and tomorrow. DISCOVER. It will be written for non-scientists who nonetheless intend to know the news of science. It will have powerful writing and unforgettable pictures. It will be revealing, challenging, fascinating. Join us now. As a Charter Subscriber to this exploration of the many worlds of science. Phone toll free: 800-621-8200. In Illinois: 800-972-8302. Begin your voyage of discovery with one phone call.

DMZ20



SCORECARD *continued*

THIS SPUD'S FOR YOU

Ed Myers, the catcher for Fredonia (Ariz.) High, cocked his arm and let fly in an apparent attempt to pick Ash Fork High's Bill Robertson off third. The throw sailed into leftfield, and Robertson trotted home for what looked like a certain run, only to be tagged out by Myers. A stunned Robertson demanded, "Where'd you get that ball?"

The ball had been hidden in Myers' mitt all along. What the catcher had thrown into leftfield was a potato. The Fredonia boys had been schooled in the hidden potato trick by Coach Clint Long, who said he'd always wanted to try it after hearing tales about its having once been pulled, diste and details unknown, in a major league game. The trick worked beyond Long's fondest expectations. The spud shattered on impact, and the Fredonia leftfielder quickly ate most of the evidence, effectively foiling efforts by the umpires to collect incriminating fragments. Ash Fork Coach Lynn Painter protested, but Long stumped the baddied ump by asking, gloatingly, "Is there anything in the rule book that says you can't fire a potato into leftfield?" To keep the peace, Long finally relented and allowed the home plate umpire, who had called Robertson out, to reverse himself. After the game, which his team won 18-7, a thoroughly satisfied Long confided that Myers had bought the potato for 20¢. "He was looking for a good throwing potato," the coach said.

TROUTISH ON AMERICA

Considering the high price of seafood, the mixed-up dispatch sent out by the Oregon office of United Press International almost seemed to make sense. It began:

Portland, Ore. (UPI)—The weekly report on fishing conditions prepared by the Portland office of Merrill Lynch, Pierce, Fenner & Smith. . . .

THEY SAID IT

- Mike Eruzione, U.S. Olympic hockey hero, attending an auction at which a picture he created by shooting paint-doused pucks across a canvas sold for \$36,000 to benefit the U.S. Olympic Committee: "Picasso made many paintings, but there's only one Eruzione."

- Pete Rose, Phillie first baseman, after a plane circled Philadelphia's Veterans Stadium trailing a sign apparently meant for him and signed "Luv, Christy": "I'm hard to reach on the phone."

END

FIATS, VOLKSWAGENS, VOLVOS AND PEUGEOTS RIDE ACROSS THE OCEAN WITH MONROE SHOCKS.

A lot of people think "America Rides Monroe" means just that.



Monroe only gives American cars great rides.



But that's a long way from the case. Because Monroe has been giving aid to foreign cars for years.

Right now, shocks manufactured by Monroe come as original equipment on Fiats,

Volkswagens, Volvos, Peugeots and other foreign makes. Plus our Little Big Shocks* have been designed to give over 18 different small foreign and domestic makes the best ride and carrying capacity possible.

So if you're under the impression that somehow imports are foreign to Monroe, drive into your nearest Monroe retailer. No matter what you're driving, most likely he speaks your language.

*Available wherever Monroe shocks are sold.

*Small Car
AMERICA
RIDES
MONROE.*

Monroe Auto Equipment
Division of Tenneco Automotive



Sports Illustrated

MAY 25, 1981





POWER TO SPARE

Man up, man down, all even, the Islanders scored every which way to blast to a 3-0 Stanley Cup final lead over Minnesota

by E.M. SWIFT

Glen Sonner, coach of the Minnesota North Stars and one of the most forthright men in the NHL, addressed the question the only way a reasonable man could. He sidestepped it. His young but faltering team had just lost its second straight 6-3 game to the New York Islanders and now was in the unenviable position of needing four victories in five games to win the Stanley Cup for the first time in its 14-year history. For the defending champion Islanders, the two wins were their sixth and seventh in a row in the playoffs, and they had won all but one by three goals or more. In 15 postseason games in 1981, New York was 13-2 and had outscored its opponents by an overwhelming 83-38 margin. "Awesome!" said Sonner, shifting his eyes from his questioner. "I don't even use the word. That's for you guys. The Islanders are a good team." His players were star-struck enough without reading that their coach, too, was awed.

But there was no room for such subdued statements after Sunday *continued*

Trotter's goal into the lower right corner was the second of two Islander shorthanders in Game 1

night's game when the Islanders overcame a 3-1 deficit and eight Minnesota power plays to carve out a 7-5 win in the North Stars' building and take a 3-0 lead in the series. "It was by far our best effort, and it wasn't good enough," said Somner. "Even when we got ahead, they didn't deviate from their game, which is to work like hell. They don't get flustered. It's one of their marks of excellence."

How good are the Islanders? It's an interesting question. We clearly are in the midst of an Islander reign. Some observ-

ers would compare New York with the Montreal teams that won four consecutive Cups in the late 1970s. But while those Canadiens relied on defense—they won the Vezina Trophy for least goals allowed all four of those years—the Islanders depend more on their ability to put the puck into the net. They have been averaging 5.6 goals in the postseason, a time of year once typified by blocked shots, stalwart goaltending and low scoring.

Actually, the Islanders' style of play is more reminiscent of the Big Bad Boston

Bruins of the early '70s than of the more recent Montreal clubs. New York plays the opposition even when the teams are at equal strength but beats opponents with power-play and shorthanded goals. In Denis Potvin, the Islanders have the best point man in the game, as the Bruins did with Bobby Orr. In Mike Bossy and Bryan Trottier, the Islanders have the scoring punch of Phil Esposito—and then some. In Butch Goring, Anders Kallur, Bob Bourne, Billy Carroll and Trottier—any two of whom, along with several combinations of defensemen kill penalties at a given time—they have a shorthanded unit that has set a league record by scoring nine goals in the playoffs. Says Potvin, who in Game 3 broke Orr's record of 24 points in postseason play by a defenseman, "Specialty teams win games for you these days. Five-on-five, there's not much difference between top clubs."

It was certainly the specialty teams that won the first two games of the finals for the Islanders. Or lost them for Minnesota. The North Stars, an unflappable road team that had won six of nine away games through the first three rounds of the playoffs, had enjoyed their role as underdogs. In upsetting Boston, Buffalo and Calgary, their youngsters—seven rookies, eight players 21 or under—had played as if they had nothing to lose. The Islanders had been idle for a week while Minnesota finished off the Flames in six games, and there was some question whether New York could pick up where it had left off against the Rangers. It didn't take long to find out.

With his team leading 1-0 midway through the opening period of Game 1, Bourne got hit with a five-minute spearing penalty. Those five minutes decided the night's outcome. First, the relentless forechecking of the Islander penalty killers turned back North Star rushes time and again. Frustrated, Minnesota's 21-year-old spark plug, Dino Ciccarelli, cross-checked Trottier, who jabbed back with his stick. The next time Ciccarelli got the puck, instead of throwing it into the New York zone, he turned and fired it at Trottier. Hit him, too, about waist high. Asked when he last saw one of his players shoot the puck at an opponent during a power play, Minnesota General Manager Lou (From the Soo) Nanne said, "Last series, Ciccarelli did it against Calgary. Hit the guy that time, too."



Bossy's second goal of the night—and 15th of the playoffs—put Minnesota down for good in Game 2

Only this time he hit the wrong guy. Moments later Trotter took a pass from Carroll and scored a shorthanded goal to put the Islanders ahead 2-0. Forty-seven seconds after that Trotter passed to Kallur for yet another shorthander. When the five minutes had elapsed, the North Stars looked more like a team with nothing to gain than nothing to lose.

Asked if his team had had sufficient time to prepare for the Islanders' special teams, Sommer nodded and spoke a line most often used by sex education teachers. "Looking at it on tape and talking about it are not the same as experiencing it," he said.

During a round of golf the next day, Nanne said jokingly, "I asked the officials if we could have two face-offs in the Islanders' zone after a penalty instead of making them play a man down." On a more serious note, he used a tee to diagram an adjustment in the North Stars' power play that would enable them to move the puck out of their zone. Instead of having Center Bobby Smith circle behind the net to start the play, Smith would circle up near the blue line. "If their forecheckers pressure our defensemen the way they did last night," said Nanne, "one pass and we've got a three-on-two."

The plan looked better on the links than it worked on the ice. In Game 2, New York's penalty killers, recognizing the change, dropped off Minnesota's defensemen and waited for them at their own blue line. This forced Minnesota to throw the puck in and chase it, a tactic more suited to the tough Flyers or Bruins than the freewheeling North Stars. In eight power-play chances, Minnesota scored only once. Ciccarelli, who at the week's end had 14 playoff goals, a rookie record, knocking in a rebound at 3:38 of the first period. The goal put the North Stars up 1-0.

They held the lead for 55 seconds. Enter Bossy and the New York power play, which, statistically anyway, is the best in the history of the league. During the regular season the Islanders scored a record 98 power-play goals. Through the first 16 games of the playoffs they had a record 29 goals on 73 power plays. That's a 39.7% conversion ratio in a category in which 30% is considered superb.

"How do they do it?" said Sommer after Game 2. "They've got five players who can handle the puck, and all of them



Ardent attacker and fierce checker, Tonelli (left) is a mainstay on one of the NHL's top two-way lines

can shoot it. Our plan was to make someone other than Bossy score. Who's most apt to beat you on their power play? Bossy. We knew that. That's what's so disappointing."

In the Islander power play, Bossy, who normally plays right wing, sets up on the left. Trotter operates from behind the net and either Bourne or Clark Gillies is on the right side. Potvin plays the left point, Mike McEwen the right. In Game 1 the North Stars had stopped all three New York power plays by collapsing toward Potvin and Bossy and forcing McEwen and Bourne, who don't shoot as well, to make the plays. But in Game 2 the Minnesota penalty killers failed to execute the strategy. The Islanders, down 1-0 and a man up, tied the score when McEwen spotted Bossy cutting into the center and hit him with a diagonal pass. The North Stars were a step late reacting, which is more than enough time for Bossy. He took the pass and snapped it into the upper right-hand corner of the goal, beating 19-year-old Don Beaupre, who had replaced Gilles Meloche, the losing goaltender in Game 1, in the Minnesota net. It was Bossy's ninth power-play goal of the playoffs, another record.

The line of Wayne Merrick, Bob Nyström and John Tonelli, supposedly a checking unit but one of the best two-way aggregations in the game, got the Islanders two more goals, and they led 3-1 after the first period. Minnesota tied the score, 3-3, in the opening seconds of the

third period, but then the New York power play struck again. Potvin and Goring worked a perfect two-on-one inside the blue line that freed Potvin at the top of the slot. With Bossy attracting more than his share of attention in front, Potvin had time to fire a wrist shot through the screen for what proved to be the winning goal. The Islanders had just two power plays all night, and they scored on both.

Then in Game 3 New York showed a little of everything—penalty killing, power plays and, finally, utter superiority. After one period, the North Stars led 3-1. They were playing well, skating, forechecking, but soon they discovered they were simply overmatched. In the next period the Islanders scored three unanswered goals and killed three penalties. In the third, after Minnesota had pulled even at 4-4, New York scored three more times en route to a devastating 7-5 win. Goring had a hat trick and Bossy ended up with two goals and two assists, which gave him a record 33 playoff points. Afterward a buoyant Goring said, "Nobody has given us any respect all year. Maybe if we win the finals in four straight, we'll start getting some."

But Trotter took a different tack. "I don't think we should demand respect," he said. "If people want to give it to us now, fine. We don't care about being compared with the Montreal Canadiens. At least I don't. We're just happy being the Islanders of the '80s." That would seem to be enough.



THERE WERE NO DOUBTS ABOUT IT

Gerry Cooney, the undefeated No. 1 heavyweight challenger, had knocked out 20 of 24 opponents, but the knocks on him were that he hadn't fought anyone of consequence and he only had a left hand. When he met Kenny Norton on May 11 in Madison Square Garden he disproved those notions. A two-fisted attack left the former champ unconscious on the ropes after just 54 seconds of Round 1.



THAT'S TWO DOWN AND ONE TO GO

Pleasant Colony, a droopy-eared cipher before the Derby and Preakness, is now a solid bet for racing's Triple Crown

by WILLIAM LEGGETT

A month ago even dedicated race-trackers had barely heard of Pleasant Colony. After all, the colt had run all of two races in 1981, won neither of them and had an unimpressive career record of only one victory in five stakes—and that on a disqualification. Pleasant Colony didn't look like a runner, either: his ears drooped, his ribs stuck out and he acted up in post parades. On afternoons when he was supposed to be sharp and ready for competition he dozed in his stall. Then on April 18, Pleasant Colony, a 13-1 shot, came flying through the stretch at Aqueduct to win the Wood Memorial by three lengths and set off a chain reaction that resulted in a herd of horses starting in the Kentucky Derby.

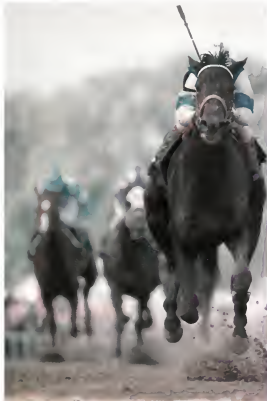
Now just about everyone knows Pleasant Colony's name. Last Saturday afternoon he ran his third sparkling race in a row to triumph in the 106th Preakness at Pimlico and become the 22nd horse in the last 62 years to win the first two legs of the Triple Crown. Two weeks from now he'll try to make a lasting name for himself by winning the 1½ mile Belmont Stakes. No easy task. Of those 21 previous Derby and Preakness winners, only 11 took the next long step successfully. Two years ago, you might recall, Spectacular Bid failed; since 1958, T'm Tam, Carry Back, Northern Dancer, Kauai King, Majestic Prince and Canoneo II also came up short.

The 1981 Preakness was a strange but dramatic race. Pleasant Colony, the 3-2 favorite, and Bold Ego, the 10th-place

finisher in the Kentucky Derby and the 7-2 second choice, fought the length of the stretch virtually flank to flank. Pleasant Colony on the outside. Bold Ego on the inside. Before reaching the top of the stretch, Pleasant Colony had circled much of the field in a giant rush and it looked as if he would easily go to the front. But Bold Ego, who had led from the quarter, dug in and refused to yield. For a few seconds it seemed that Pleasant Colony was merely hanging, but that wasn't the case. Rather, he had met a valiant adversary who wasn't about to give in. Both were running very fast, and when Pleasant Colony finally won by a length he knew he'd been in a horse race. His

jockey, Jorge Velasquez, certainly did. "I thought that we would go swoosh right by Bold Ego," he said after his first Preakness victory in six tries. "and when we didn't, I thought, 'Hey, what's going on here? Bold Ego, you're supposed to stop! He ran a dead-game race.' Velasquez should know about dead-game races in the Triple Crown. He's the man who rode Alydar against Affirmed.

New Mexico-bred Bold Ego had won seven of his eight starts as a 2-year-old. In the Kentucky Derby, he got hooked up in a speed duel with Top Avenger, who set a record for the half mile (.45%)! But the two had blazed along at such a pace that half a mile later Top Avenger





At the Preakness race, the winner is bespattered after coming from behind. Bold Ego is a neat second

had dropped to 19th. Bold Ego took the lead at the mile before falling back. Trainer Jack Van Berg was unhappy with jockey John Lively's ride in the Derby, but he had enough faith in his horse to ship him to Baltimore.

During the two weeks between the Derby and Preakness many racing people studied videotapes of the Kentucky event. One very interested student was John Campo, Pleasant Colony's not so quiet, shy and humble trainer. "John ran the Derby over and over," says Irwin Feiner, a horse owner and a friend of Campo's. "He looked at it so much that I stopped counting how many times when the number got to 311."

The tape was evidently revealing because three days before the Preakness Campo said, "If you look at Bold Ego's race, he isn't any 10th-place horse. Van Berg is too shrewd to run back off a 10th-place finish in the Derby unless he thinks he has a real shot going the shorter distance of the Preakness. Pundico favors speed and Bold Ego has genuine speed. But how far can he carry it?"

Campo wasn't the only horseman with respect for Bold Ego. Jack Gaver Jr., trainer of second-place Derby finisher Woodchopper, and David Whiteley, the conditioner of the well-regarded Highland Blade, thought highly of the colt, too. They were right about Bold Ego,

though the race proved to be a near disaster for their own horses. Highland Blade finished sixth, beaten 11 lengths, while Woodchopper ended up 11th in the field of 13, 16 lengths back.

"Our horses eliminated each other," Whiteley said to Gaver afterward. They certainly had. They bumped each other almost savagely on the first turn and again going into the backstretch. "I was squeezed in so tight between horses that I thought I was going down," said Woodchopper's rider, Eddie Delahoussaye. "We had a rotten trip. It's just lucky the horse wasn't hurt seriously."

And so, while several horses played bump and run, Bold Ego went into the lead, a target for the others. Pleasant Colony, although bothered considerably himself and forced to run wide, didn't get nearly as far behind as he had in the Derby (18 lengths); he was never farther than seven lengths off the lead. When the two finally battled in the stretch, they equaled the record for the fastest final $\frac{1}{4}$ miles in Preakness history (1:18 $\frac{1}{2}$). A few hours after the race had been run, Van Berg stood by his horse's stall in the chill evening and summed up. "I'm proud of Bold Ego," he said. "He ran his heart out and John Lively rode a perfect race. But take your hat off to the winner. Take it off and wave it hard. Pleasant Colony has done this three times in a row."

In just one spectacular month Pleasant Colony has stuffed \$616,280 into his saddlebags—or those of owner Thomas Mellon Evans, to be precise—and put himself in reach of the Triple Crown, only one race away from joining the likes of Sir Barton, Gallant Fox, Omaha, War Admiral, Whirlaway, Count Fleet, Assault, Citation, Secretariat, Seattle Slew and Affirmed. In that month Pleasant Colony has run against 37 horses and beaten them all. Woodchopper couldn't catch him from behind in Louisville, and Bold Ego couldn't stay in front of him in Baltimore. And he did it all as a comparative youngster. While most foals hit the ground in January, Pleasant Colony was born on May 4, 1978, making him a very late foal. He won the Derby before he was really a 3-year-old, his true birthday coming two days later. Can it be that what Campo says is really true? That "Pleasant Colony is just starting to get good now and he will get better"? The Belmont will provide the answer. **END**

ONCE MORE, WITH A LOT OF FEELING

Love, hate, anger and some inspired play by two young forwards—series MVP Cedric Maxwell and Larry Bird—enabled the Celtics to defeat the Rockets and revive a Boston tradition: winning the NBA championship by JOHN PAPANEEK

Sitting in an empty dressing stall in Houston's Summit, Red Auerbach looked very Buddha-like—serene mien, round belly, little smile—except for the fat cigar sticking out of his mouth. The Boston Celtics had just beaten the Houston Rockets 102-91 to win the NBA title, four games to two, and Red always lights up when the Celts win, be it an exhibition game or a world championship.

All around him was the stifling, soak-

ing, sweaty chaos of a champion's dressing room. Yet Red was unruffled, puffing clouds of smoke while droplets of champagne ran down strands of his sparse, now-white hair. Had he been worried when the Celtics had nearly blown a 17-point fourth-period lead in Game 6 to a desperate and ferocious Rocket team that nearly forced a seventh game? "Nah," said Red. "I've always said, 'I don't get ulcers, I give 'em.'"

With a shrug Auerbach ran through each of the 14 championship teams the Celtics have produced under his direction, nine as general manager-coach, five as general manager only. "They were all great," he said. "But, you know, of the ones I didn't coach, this one might be the best because we did it with these kids." He waved his cigar in a semicircle before him, as though it were a magic wand. Maybe it was.

Maxwell, often in Bird's shadow, was in Fitch's doghouse after Game 2 but came on to earn his award, a hug from his coach and a high 10 from Robey



In a corner Larry Bird, the 24-year-old second-year forward, sat alone, quietly contemplating it all. His energy and emotions for the most part had already been spent. After almost matching Houston's awesome Moses Malone rebound for rebound—both had nearly 16 per game—and leading both teams in assists and steals, Bird had shaken a series-long shooting slump in the finale and scored 27 points, seven in the final four minutes when the Celtics needed them most. The shot that broke the Rockets' backs was an icy-cool three-pointer from the left corner, 24 feet out. *Swish.* The game was over, and Bird ran off in a flurry of high 10s—that's two palms slapping two palms—with his teammates. At the trophy presentation by Commissioner Larry O'Brien, Bird had playfully grabbed the cigar out of Auerbach's mouth and taken a wide-grinned puff himself.

In the middle of the room, 25-year-old Forward Cedric Maxwell, a quiet man who has labored in Bird's shadow the last two years and is the sole link to the old John Havlicek-Dave Cowens-Jojo White Celtics, planted a kiss on the championship trophy and proclaimed the moment "the greatest of my life." On the strength of his performance in the series—leading the Celtics in scoring in Games 3, 4 and 5 and averaging 17.6 points and 9.5 rebounds, 5.6 off the offensive boards—Maxwell was voted the Most Valuable Player.

Elsewhere, Robert Parish, the big center the other Celtics call Chief because he smiles about as often as a cigar store Indian, was smiling, chiefly because he had come back from the missing-in-action list to score 18 points in each of the last two games and put the heavy muscle to Malone, whose 20 and 23 were nowhere near enough for the guard-starved Rockets. Outside the locker room, Parish's mother, in from Shreveport, La., dashed around collecting autographs from everybody—and anybody. Kevin McHale, the bon vivant rookie, stood on a table and in reference to a preseason contract hassle screamed, "Thanks, Red, for not letting me play in Italy!" while chugging his first bottle of champagne and smoking his first filched-from-Auerbach cigar of the night on his way to half a dozen of each. "I never knew winning could be so tough on a man," he would say the morning after.

Then there were the two old men of



Terry Duerod, Maxwell, Henderson, Bird (with stolen stogie), Auerbach, Fitch and the convuls

the team, Tiny Archibald and Chris Ford, 11- and nine-year veterans, respectively, who had labored on bad teams for most of their careers. "This was my ultimate goal," said Archibald. Bird Ford, "People have knocked me ever since I came into the league. White, slow, now I'm too old. I always knew that basketball was a team game. Now I'm part of a championship team and I'm a Celtic. That's being part of history."

Coach Bill Fitch felt the same way. He'd been the ogre who worked these players almost to exhaustion during the 99-game season. He'd sacrificed sleep to watch miles of videotape, he'd aged at least five years in one, and by the end of the series he couldn't sit in a chair comfortably because of a sore back. He'd broken a blackboard in anger, chewed out his players and pointed out their lapses in public. Many of them dislike his tactics, some dislike him personally. But they all came to respect him for bringing them through to the championship in his 11th year of coaching in the pros, his second in Boston.

"For two years we've been looking at those 13 banners hanging from the ceiling," said Fitch, who had never won an NBA title before. "Now we know what each team had to go through to get its banner. Hard work, and nothing but."

It's true, of course. There's no championship in sport that's more punishing in the winning than the NBA's. The Celtics had theirs wrapped up, or so they had thought, after automatically coming back from 1-3 to beat Philadelphia in a classic seven-game Eastern Conference final. But they underestimated Houston, and after four games the teams were tied at 2-2 and heading back to Boston for Game 5.

Then Malone, who heretofore had been known for speaking with his game rather than his mouth, made the big mistake. Before the game, he repeated what he'd already said several times—"Boston ain't that good"—but this time he added an extra barb: "I could get four guys off the street from back home in Petersburg [Va.] and beat them." Fitch couldn't have come up with a better motivational pitch for his team. The *Boston Globe* ran the quote in giant type, and Fitch personally posted a copy in the locker of every Celtic.

Before Game 5 Maxwell sidled over to reserve Guard Gerald Henderson and told him, "I'm going to have a great game tonight. I know it. Larry [Bird] is having trouble with his shot. I'm going to do it on offense tonight."

Henderson didn't doubt Maxwell. In the Philadelphia series Max- continued

Home Video Recorder Panasonic TV Pana



Maxwell gets a lot of points inside "because I'm quicker than most of the big guys who guard me."

NBA FINALS (continued)

well had declared himself "the dog" after Boston lost the first game and vowed to "play great" the rest of the way. He did, shacking Julius Erving and earning great praise from Fitch and great hatred from the Philadelphia fans. In Game 6 of that series an event occurred that shocked Maxwell even more than his teammates. He went into the seats to attack a taunting fan in the Spectrum and was fined \$2,500 by the NBA. "I still don't know why I did that," he says. "I may be the most reserved player in the league. My mother was terribly upset. But that incident really rallied the team. So it must have happened for a reason."

After the Celtics lost Game 2 to Hous-

ton, in which Maxwell had just six points and four rebounds, Fitch said, "I really chewed Max good. He didn't even want to practice the next day."

"I never want to practice," said Maxwell, who admitted to having no great love for his coach, after the title was won. "It wasn't Fitch's chewing me out that turned me around. It was myself. I had a big head after the Philly series, we all did, no matter what anybody says. We figured we had the championship won."

In Game 5 against Houston, Maxwell gave one of the best performances of his career. He scored 28 points, had 15 rebounds, seven of them offensive while going head to chest with Malone, and led a blistering exhibition of Celtic fast-break ball as Boston smothered the Rockets 109-80 before a delirious home

crowd. "Moses and I had a dialogue going the whole game," said Maxwell. "He would say, 'You're not going to score anymore,' or other, more explicit words than that, and I kept saying, 'I would, in other, more explicit words than that.'"

"Max gave himself away tonight," said Fitch. "He has had some good games and some stunkers, but this was a truly great one. He's not going to be able to make excuses anymore."

Many reporters went straight to Malone to ask him what guys from Petersburg he had in mind. "I still say it," said Malone. "They're just so-so, I'll tell you, the Celtics won't be drinking champagne after Game 6. They'll be drinking Gatorade, to get their strength back."

The Rockets went into Game 6 in Houston without their sixth man, Calvin Murphy, who had collided violently with Boston's Rick Robey in Game 5 and separated a shoulder. Murphy had only been averaging 9.8 points on 39.5% shooting in the series, but he may well have been the difference in Game 6, which featured Houston's remarkable fourth-quarter comeback.

Fitch turned white with disgust as he watched the Celtics, who had led 84-67, go almost five minutes without a basket while Houston scored 13 points. Three times the Rockets came within three and each time Bird thwarted their comeback. First he swished a 15-footer from the left corner. Next he threw a perfect lob pass over Malone that Maxwell converted into a layup. Then Bird hit the three-pointer. It was a simple statement. "Forget it, Houston. You've had your fun. It's all over."

A media panel voted Maxwell the MVP by a margin of 6-1. Bird got the dissenting vote. "I was surprised," said Fitch. "I assumed it would be Bird."

"Being named MVP was a great vindication for me, a great boost to my ego," said Maxwell. Before becoming second banana to Bird, Maxwell had the distinction of being the rookie who got to witness the Celtics' fall from glory. He arrived from the University of North Carolina-Charlotte in 1977, the year Tom Heinsohn was fired as coach at midseason, and saw Satch Sanders get sacked 14 games into the following season, which led to the ascension of Dave Cowens to player-coach status. In those two seasons, the Celtics won 32 and 29 games, respectively, their worst per-

WHEN YOU'VE GOTTA RELY ON YOUR CAR, RELY ON HARDWORKIN' AC-DELCO PARTS.

AC-Delco. They're the hot-firin', cold-crankin', road-handlin', dirt-fightin', hardworkin' replacement parts for your car.

For more than 50 years, hardworkin' people have relied on AC-Delco parts. In their cars. Trucks. Boats. Motorcycles.

It's the one name they look to for just about everything — for just about anything that moves.

There's hot-firin' AC Fire Ring Spark Plugs. If your spark plugs are misfiring, a tune-up and a fresh set of ACs can help improve mileage. Big Delco Shocks.

Maintenance-free Delco Freedom II Batteries for powerful starts. And rugged

AC Filters: Oil, Air, Fuel Filters and PCV Valves. All designed to help trap dirt and keep your car running clean. Ask for AC Filter protection at spring change time.

When your car's got work to do, go with the brand that's built its reputation on hardworkin' reliability: AC-Delco.



AC-DELCO WORKIN'





Renault presents the 5-door Le Car.

The best selling car in Europe just got better.

The surprising little Le Car got better the only way Europe's number one car could get better. By adding two more doors. So now, along with its 2-door, Le Car has a 4-door sedan, too. Both with a wide-opening hatchback.

It may surprise you that we could even fit two more doors on our little Le Car. But then, Le Car is full of surprises.

Le Car has ample leg and head room, and an uncommonly smooth ride. Surprised? Well, Renault was designing cars around people before Ford or General Motors even began putting pistons in an engine block.

With its rack-and-pinion steering, Michelin radials, independent four-wheel suspension, and front-wheel drive traction, Le Car is surprisingly quick and maneuverable.

And the peppy 5-door Le Car squeezes out every pint of every gallon with the same fuel-efficient* miserliness as the 3-door.

39	HWY*	29	EST
EST		MPG	

Surprise! Renault has made more front-wheel drive cars than anyone else in the world. Over 18 million, in fact. Renault has quite a surprising world racing record, too.

Including wins at Le Mans, on the Grand Prix circuit, and in the World Rally Championship. That's world class technology at work.

The final surprise is also the biggest. Le Car has more dealers than any other

European import in America. Over 1300 Renault and American Motors dealers are making service a pleasure.

So if you like pleasant surprises, you'll love Le Car.

*Per EPA estimates for comparison only. Actual mileage may vary. Highway mileage probably lower. California higher.



RENAULT

Over 1300 Dealers



AMERICAN MOTORS

foeman since 1949, Saad Maxwell. "The funny thing was that when I signed, my attorney told me not to worry about my contract, that being with the Celtics I would always make extra money in the playoffs. Well, the first two years we didn't even make the playoffs."

Then last year Bird arrived and so did Fitch, and Maxwell worried about the safety of his small-forward job. "I had averaged 19 points and led the NBA in field-goal percentage the year before, and here comes Larry," he says. "I said to myself, 'This white boy can't play.' So in training camp we went against each other hard, every day. He'd score on me, I'd make sure I scored back on him. It was real fierce. Pretty soon we got to respecting each other, and then we were playing with each other—him as the small forward and me as the big forward. It turned out great, because I'm quicker than most of the big guys who guard me and I still get to do all my scoring inside. And I realized that Larry could get me the ball when I was open like nobody I ever saw, and so could Tiny, and Cowens was a new man, and all of a sudden we win 60 games and make the playoffs." Maxwell's scoring fell to 17 points per game, but his shooting percentage rose to .609, again best in the NBA. This season he was the league's third-best shooter with a .588 percentage and scored 15.2 points a game.

Because he is soft-spoken and often overlooked, few realize that Maxwell holds two major degrees from UNCC, in geography and black studies. He calls himself a "middle-class black," holding two fingers like visual quotation marks on each side of his face when he says it. He was the first of three children born, in Kingston, N.C., to a career Marine and his wife, and spent three years of his childhood living in Hawaii. He owns an almost unfinished condominium in the Jamaica Plain section of Boston, but the minute he can, he will return to his permanent home in Charlotte. "Boston's just the place where I work," he says. "I don't have any male friends there, and I almost never go out. Although it's O.K. if you're an athlete, it's not an especially nice place in which to be black."

There have been suggestions that Maxwell harbors a slight resentment toward Bird, who easily surpassed Bobby Orr and Carlton Fisk and is even now challenging the sainted Carl Yastrzemski in



Tight defense kept Bird capped until the finale when he bounced back with a game-high 27 points

the hierarchy of the city's favorite sports heroes. But Maxwell understands. "I'm intelligent enough to know that this is what the public wants," he says. "Larry's a great player who's white. He's made us a great team and he's responsible for a lot of fans coming to our games. The Celtics are like the Dallas Cowboys of basketball. We are America's team. People all over the country want to come out and see the Green."

The fans of Boston and all of New England might take exception to that. As far as they are concerned, the Celtics belong to them alone. And they turned out, at least 2,500 strong, bedecked in green and many drowned in beer, to greet the team when it arrived at Logan Airport last Friday afternoon. Bostonians, beleaguered as they are with a severe municipal financial crisis and a corresponding collapse of civic morale, were clearly starved for a winner.

The fans jammed themselves right up to the plane's front door. All but lost in the crowd, though in position to be the first to shake the winners' hands, was

Senator Edward M. Kennedy, who, not coincidentally, is running hard for reelection. Before the team arrived, Kennedy crowed, "Basketball was invented in Massachusetts. Now, in 1981, it appears we have a patent on it." But when the players began filing off the plane, the crowd closed in, and Kennedy was reduced to fighting his way through a phalanx of state troopers to press Celtic flesh. He got hold of Auerbach and Chris Ford and M.L. Carr but he couldn't get a grip on any of the real stars. Maxwell never noticed him. Parish didn't appear to know who he was, and Bird, who's very shy in crowds, ripped himself from Kennedy's grasp when the Senator reached out to him. In fairness to Bird, he was so heavily guarded by policemen that he never saw Kennedy.

The adoring crowd swept right along with the Celtics to their bus, and more fans lined the streets to yell and wave banners as the bus drove by. It was an extraordinary moment. The Celtics were champions once more, and Boston had something to cheer about.

All right, it's quiz time, Baseball 101. True or false:
1) One big reason why Billy Martin has had such remarkable managerial success in reviving endless teams in Minnesota, Detroit, Texas, New York and now Oakland is his genius for inspiring young ballplayers.

2) Another reason for Martin's repeated success is his insistence on having a team that steals bases.

3) O.K., Nolan Ryan loses nearly as many games as he wins, but give him a lead in the late innings and he is incomparable, almost unbeatable.

4) And even though Ryan is paid an enormous salary, he more than earns it as a big gate attraction.

5) Montreal had better watch out for September. The Expos blew their chances of winning the N.L. East the last two seasons by cooling off in that month.

6) Any analyst who picked the champion Phillies to finish fifth last year ought to turn in his statistics.

There you have it. Easy quiz, isn't it? Every real fan within earshot of Joe Garagiola knows that all these statements are true, right?

Sorry. They're all false:

1) Of Billy Martin's teams, only Oakland and Texas could be called young. By the time of the All-Star break, his first Minnesota squad had only one non-pitching starter under the age of 27. His first Detroit team had only one under 28. His first Yankee team had two under 27, but one, age 26, was replaced by a 31-year-old the next year. The secret must lie elsewhere.

2) Speed? The Twins were third in steals in the American League the season before Martin took them over, but fell to fourth with him. His division champion Tigers stole only 17 bases all season long. The Rangers barely improved their league ranking under Martin, moving from sixth to fifth. The Yankees did jump from sixth to third in steals during Martin's first year as their manager, but fell to seventh the next *continued*

HE DOES IT BY THE NUMBERS

The esoteric equation on the Royals' scoreboard in Kansas City is only one of the far-out findings of deep-thinking baseball statistician Bill James

by DANIEL OKRENT



THE TOTAL OF RUNS THAT
A PLAYER HAS CREATED
CAN BE FOUND BY

$$H + W + CS + TB + SB + AB$$

H = HITS
W = WALKS
CS = CAUGHT STEALING
TB = TOTAL BASES
SB = STOLEN BASES
AB = AT BATS

WILL JAMES

12:20



season, when he won his world championship in New York.

3) When Nolan Ryan shifted from the California Angels to the Houston Astros after the 1979 season, the experts produced an amazing statistic that keeps cropping up: in games he started in which he held a lead in the eighth inning, Ryan had won 109 times and lost only twice, a startling .982 career percentage. Wow! However, all American League starters in 1979 who held a lead in the eighth inning won 586 times and lost 18, a percentage of .970, or $\frac{1}{1000}$ worse than Ryan's. That means that the average starting pitcher underperforms Nolan in the late innings about once every 80 or 90 starts, or not quite twice in four seasons.

4) Although Ryan led the staff in per-game attendance on the road, more folks per start came to the Astrodome last year when Joe Niekro pitched—or, for that matter, Vern Riffe—than when Ryan started, which is nothing new. In California in 1976 Nolan was outdrawn in per-start attendance by such Angel stalwarts as Don Kirkwood and Gary Ross. In 1978 he was the fourth-most-watched pitcher per start on the Angel staff.

5) The Expos may finally win the NL East, but September hasn't been the problem in the past. The Pirates in 1979 and the Phils in 1980 did edge ahead of them near the wire to win the division, but in those two seasons the Expos had

an admirable 44-22 (.667) record beginning Sept. 1. In fact, only once since 1973 have the Expos failed to play better than their season-long percentage in the stretch.

6) The man who picked the Phils to finish fifth last year is also responsible for the iconoclastic information detailed in the answers to 1), 2), 3), 4) and 5). His name is Bill James, and he lives in Lawrence, Kans., where he digs through mountains of baseball statistics and comes up with out-of-the-ordinary conclusions. Some of these he prints in magazine articles, but most of them are saved for an annual he calls *Baseball Abstract*, of which he is owner, publisher, editor, statistician and staff. Sometimes James gets carried away and makes extravagant statements, even errors, but he ought to be forgiven them because most of the baseball tidbits he comes up with—some speculative, some factual—are fun to chew on (lefthanded pitchers throw more double-play balls than righthanders do; power pitchers tend to have longer careers than control pitchers; base stealing, even when it's successful two-thirds of the time, doesn't add much to a team's run total; managers who get close to their players and exhort them may have early success, but they often aren't as successful in the long run as those who don't get emotionally involved; contrary to accepted belief, it's not essential that a re-

lef pitcher be able "to come in there and throw strikes"). As with Babe Ruth, when James bats one it's a beauty, and even when he strikes out it's worth watching.

Like this Phillies business, for instance. James ordinarily doesn't care to make flat-out predictions. "I have never told anybody, any time, any place, that I could predict who was going to win a pennant race," he says. "The reason I sometimes make predictions is that people who run what I write insist that I do, or they won't pay me."

Still, the world champions *fifth*? James says he had good reasons for denigrating the Phils before last season began. As he wrote then, "The starting eight of the Phils has nearly 100 years of professional experience, which would be wonderful if they were in the real estate business. There is a tunnel at the end of the light, and it is not far off." In short, the Phils were a very old ball club, and very old ball clubs tend to fall abruptly.

What happened? James, entranced by numbers even when they're not at all what he anticipated they would be, sifted through the stats to find out: "You hear baseball people say every winter that this player is going to make us 10, 15, 20 games better. No player in the history of the game has ever been 20 games better than the average player at his position, not Babe Ruth, not Ty Cobb. The difference between a Most Valuable Player and an average player at the same position is as little as three games in some seasons, usually five to eight, maybe once in a decade 10. But what happened in Philadelphia in 1980 was unprecedented. Three players—Mike Schmidt, Steve Carlton and Tug McGraw—made up virtually the entire difference between the world championship team and a contender for last place.

"The Phils had only one player, Schmidt, who was able to combine the accomplishments of batting as high as .260 and hitting as many as 10 home runs. Schmidt batted .286 and hit 48 home runs, or 41% of his team's total. Only one other time since 1950 has anyone on a world championship team had more than 30% (Willie Stargell nosed past that figure 10 years ago with 31% of the 1971 Pirates' hom-

continued

Some very big concepts come from this tiny house in Lawrence, Kans., where James lives with his wife Susan

Take the road to flavor
in a low tar cigarette.



*The low 'tar' with
genuine tobacco flavor.*

RALEIGH LIGHTS



Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined
That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

.9 mg. "tar", 0.8 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report Jan. '80.

The Real Ta

There was a time when if a beer didn't make it on taste, it didn't make it at all.



When the only advertising for beer was word of mouth.

And the word on Pabst Blue Ribbon® was that it was the best a beer could be.

Beer Brewed The Traditional Way.

At Pabst, we still brew Blue Ribbon as if our sales depended on the quality of our product. Salesmanship has not replaced craftsmanship.



As a founder of the American brewing industry, Captain Pabst was a pioneer in establishing quality control.

And the same quality control Captain Pabst commanded is now demanded by Augie Pabst.

Like great-grandfather, like great-grandson.



ste of Beer.



**No Shortcuts.
No Skimping.
No Compromises.**

The time-honored ways of brewing beer our founders established are still honored today. That's why it takes longer to brew Pabst Blue Ribbon.

Because we don't believe you can make the real taste of beer by scientifically speeding up the process.

You see, at Pabst, pride and dedication are ingredients that go into the making of Pabst Blue Ribbon Beer.

The Original.

If you've read this far, you obviously care as much about beer as we do.

So the next time you thirst for the real taste of beer.

The original taste.

Give the man who's reading this... a Blue Ribbon.



© 1988 Pabst Brewing Company
Milwaukee, Wisconsin

"Give that man a Blue Ribbon."

See you later, alligator.



THE FOX.

The same fit,
comfort,
quality, looks and
easy-care fabric as
the well-known knit.
At about \$5 less.



Only \$18
Only at JCPenney.

A good looking, great fitting shirt
that won't cost the shirt off your
back. 65% Dacron® polyester for easy
care, 35% combed cotton for comfort.
Frost yellow, Augusta green, white,
navy, frost blue, beige and other
fashion colors. Sizes S,M,L,XL,XXL.
Available at large JCPenney stores
and through the JCPenney Catalog.



This is JCPenney

ers). Yet Schmidt had 41%! It's so far out of line, it's off the chart.

"Now Carlton. The Phils were 91-71 in the regular season, or 20 games over .500. Only three Phillie pitchers were able to win more than seven games, but Carlton was 24-9, or 15 games over .500 all by himself.

"Finally, McGraw. I certainly didn't expect Carlton and Schmidt to have the seasons they did, but I knew they were capable of it. But Tug McGraw? At 35? Coming off a 5.14 ERA in 1979? He had a 1.47 ERA in 1980, a better than 5-to-1 strikeout-to-walk ratio, excepting intentional walks, and gave up only 6.07 hits per nine innings. Astonishing.

"Considering everything, what I wrote about the Phillies a year ago doesn't look bad at all."

Babe Ruth never apologized for striking out with the bases loaded, either.

James is 31, with a B.A. in English and economics, graduate credits in psychology, a passion for William Faulkner and an abiding interest in the French Revolution—all more or less standard attributes for a resident of a college town like Lawrence, site of the University of Kansas. But James spends less time analyzing Faulkner's prose or Robespierre's motives than he does calculating the average time of games worked by various umpiring teams, or figuring statistically which pitchers are really best at holding runners on first base. His father, George, 74, who still lives in Mayetta, Kans. (pop. 246), where Bill was raised, says of his son's boyhood, "Mostly, Bill had his nose in books, but he was a baseball nut, too, like a lot of other people. He was just nuttier than most." And a lot smarter, too. Unfortunately, a statistician's mythology is not like that of a fastball pitcher; we have no mental picture of young Bill hurling stats at the side of a barn, sharpening his nominal curve.

In any case, in 1975, when he was a graduate student at Kansas, a professor told him it would take five to eight years for him to get the Ph.D. he was working toward, and that even after he had it there probably wouldn't be many jobs available. "What am I doing?" James remembers asking himself. "Why should I invest all this time in a degree I don't really want and won't be able to sell?" He decided to pack it in and try instead to become a writer. What would he write about? Something he knew. What did he

know? Baseball. He'd turn his lifelong obsession with the game into a professional endeavor. Easy.

It turned out to be not so easy. His early baseball articles usually ended up in publications that paid him "with free copies and misspelled bylines," and a living obviously had to be made, even though James says he has learned from his wife, Susan McCarthy, an artist, "how to live on nothing." In 1976 he became a high school English teacher and earned \$9,500, still the most he's ever made in a year. Later, he worked for a time as a boiler attendant—a watchman of sorts—in a food-packing plant in Lawrence, which turned out to be an ideal job for James. "I'd spend five minutes an hour making sure the furnaces didn't blow up," he says, "and 55 minutes working on my numbers."

The numbers were baseball statistics, which fascinate James as much as they do most baseball fans. The difference is that he finds things in them that most people don't know are there. "A baseball field," he says, "is so covered with statistics that nothing can happen there without leaving its tracks in the records. There may well be no other facet of American life, the activities of laboratory rats excepted, which is so extensively categorized, counted and recorded." James distinguishes himself from most other stat men by adding, "I love numbers, but not for themselves. I don't care for them as conclusions. I start with the game, with the things I see there or the things people say are there. And I ask, 'Is it true? Can you validate it? Can you measure it?' For instance, why do people argue about which shortstop has the best range or which catcher has the best arm? Why not figure it out? You can get a pretty good idea by abstracting information from the available data."

In 1977 James produced his first *Baseball Abstract* and has come out with a new edition each year since (the 1981 version is just about ready). At first glance, it's a simple, straightforward-looking publication, with lists of numbers, detailed charts and blocks of copy presented in orderly fashion, all of it reproduced on a photocopying machine and bound in ordinary kraft paper. The book has four main sections, one for each of major league baseball's divisions, and



Believe James or not, Vern Riffe (above) drew better in Houston than the famed Nolan Ryan



these are subdivided into team-by-team analyses. There might be four or five pages for each team, with detailed information on its top 10 or 12 hitters and top five or six pitchers, as well as a commentary (sometimes quite pungent) on some aspect of the team, or its stars, or its manager. Here and there through the

continued



Abstract are other, more generalized, lists and two or three longer essays bearing such titles as "Trade Value" or "De Facto Standards for the Hall of Fame" or "Pythagoras and the Logarithms."

James softens the heaviness of such titles, as well as the relentless march of statistics, with his writing, which is spry and graceful. Disparaging the distinction made in baseball between all runs allowed by a pitcher and just "earned runs," he says, "It seems pointless to hold the pitcher responsible if the catcher can't throw, the second baseman can't pivot, the leftfielder can't move and the centerfielder thinks that the cutoff man is a plastic surgeon, but to excuse him for responsibility if a ball bounces off someone's glove." Discussing Mickey Rivers' reputation for having a bad throwing arm, James says, "Rivers is famous for his throwing not because his throws are so bad but because he looks so funny making them. A lot of his throws are bad, but if he didn't throw like a chicken, people wouldn't notice it."

Some observations are more matter-of-fact. On base stealing: "The common wisdom, which is to say that most often quoted by the announcers, is that you don't steal on the catcher, you steal on the pitcher. I suspect that the repetition this little axiom receives is largely an attempt to overcompensate for the audience's natural disposition to think of stolen bases coming against the catcher; whatever, it is clear that bases are stolen against both the pitcher and the catcher, and a serious inadequacy on the part of either will surely cost both."

After the 1978 season, quite a few people argued that Ron Gaudry should have won the American League's Most Valuable Player award instead of Jim Rice because Gaudry's 25-3, 1.74-ERA season was far more remarkable than Rice's 46 homers, 139 RBIs and .315 batting average. James wrote a thoughtful, detailed analysis that convinced at least one reader (this one, who had felt otherwise) that Rice did indeed merit the award. James wrote, "The argument that what Gaudry did is more unusual than what Rice did is specious... It's an award for the most valuable performance, not the

most unusual. The most unusual performance was turned in by Bob Sison of Seattle, who reached base six times on catcher's interference."

And some of James' remarks are almost poetic. Musing on the appeal that statistics have for the baseball fan, he asks, "How is it that a chart of numbers that would put an actuary to sleep can be made to dance if you put it on one side of a card, and Bombo Rivera's picture on the other?"

Along with the fun of reading him and of relishing his odd or obvious discoveries, you'll find in James a pleasant antidote to the statistical precision that baseball holds to be sacred. In a note to his readers, he cautions, "If you check my work against the spotty statistics available in other guides and the league stats, I'm sure you'll find some discrepancies. It seems fair to assume that, in the majority of these cases, I'm wrong. I make mistakes but I'm certainly not trying to kid anybody that, doing all the things I do, I can maintain the same levels of accuracy that the *Elas Sports Bureau* or *The Sporting News* does. I figure that I sell two things, a novel way of looking at the statistics which brings out insights you can't get otherwise and the general truths which emerge from that. The general truth, for example, is that Fred Lynn hit vastly better at Fenway Park last year than on the road. If it is important to you that the difference is .342/.273 rather than .345/.270, or that games started by a certain pitcher may have had only 49 doubles rather than 50, then I suggest you do two things: ask for your money back, and count them yourself. And have fun."

James does most of the work on the *Abstract* in a tiny bedroom in one of the tiniest houses in Lawrence, squeezing his substantial frame (he's 6' 4" and weighs 199) into the limited space bounded by bed, desk and filing cabinet. "I write the *Abstract*," he says, "because selling it helps pay the cost of work I'm going to do anyway." The "work" is merely James' own variety of mental gymnastics: he mines information from data. And he is almost always delighted with what he discovers. Driving home one night with a friend from a Royals game in Kansas City, James stopped for a lonesome red light while delivering a brilliant scholarly quip on the statistical evidence of Shortstop Freddie Patek's decay as an effective

Why did the Phils, picked fifth by James, win last year? Amazing deeds he says, by three men: Schmidt, Carlton, McGraw.

continued

"If your family likes to show off as much as mine, put them on TV. It's easy with my Panasonic portable Omnivision video system."

Reggie Johnson



My teammates are my family. And even if they are a motley crew, I want more than just a few snapshots to remember them by. That's why I have the new Panasonic portable Omnivision® VHS™ video recorder (PV-4500) and video camera (PK-751). They make it easy to bring the guys' goofy faces, clowning, and fun back to life, right on my TV.

The Omnivision portable recorder and camera are lightweight and easy to use.

And with the camera's built-in electronic viewfinder (a small TV screen), you can see an instant replay. So you'll know you've got the shots. The recorder has Omnisearch, so you can quickly review all your shots right through the camera.

and edit out the ones you don't like. And there's freeze frame and frame-by-frame advance in the 6-hour mode.

There's even a remote control that attaches right in the side of the camera, so you can control both the recorder and camera while you're shooting.

All you concentrate on is getting great shots.

My Omnivision also goes to work as a home video recorder.

It can record up to 6 hours from TV. Or when I go on the road, it records shows I'd normally miss. Because the Omnivision can be programmed to automatically record up to 14 days.

My Panasonic portable Omnivision brings all the fun of sports, indoors. It's the best TV picture.



Panasonic.
just slightly ahead of our time.

tive player. The traffic light changed to green, and then it changed back to red. It changed to green again, back to red and back to green again before James' disquisition ran its course and he returned to earth. "Oh, the light's changed," he said, and proceeded calmly down the road.

The first *Abstract*, in 1977, sold 75 copies, at \$4 a copy. In 1978 sales edged up to all of 325 copies. Undaunted, James slogged ahead, checking the boilers, working on his numbers and producing new editions of the *Abstract*. Sales passed 600 copies in 1979 and 750 last year, but the readership, while small, is enthusiastic, and James has become something of a cult figure. *Esquire* magazine assigned him to do season previews, and he even received an order for the *Abstract* from Norman Mailer, which left James, a literary hero-worshiper, feeling both honored and abashed. He sent Mailer a copy but returned the writer's check. Mailer sent it right back with a note saying, "If ever an author earned his five dollars, you have." The price has climbed since then (to \$13 for the 1981 edition), but James has yet to break the \$10,000 income barrier. "It's been discouraging," he says, "but not as discouraging as having to get out of bed in the morning and go off to work."

Although James says, "Statistics exist primarily so people can argue about them" and "Information is not to be held accountable for every misleading claim that somebody can derive from it," he has developed at least one analytic procedure that has resolved an age-old baseball problem. He can evaluate fielding statistically, something that hitherto seemed impossible, because, as all fans know, traditional fielding averages are almost meaningless. "Everybody senses what a .312 hitter is," James says, "but no one knows what a .965 fielding average means. Brooks Robinson is known as a great fielding third baseman not because of the number of plays he made but because he looked so good making them. Hitters are judged on results; fielders on form."

A fan knows that a .300 hitter is a good hitter, a .275 hitter a mediocre one, but James defies anyone to tell the difference by watching both men hit. He points out that the actual, measurable difference between the two over the course

of a season is about one hit every two weeks. How then, he asks, can you possibly judge fielders by just looking at them? The traditional fielding average (total chances fielded divided into total chances handled without error) is "an excellent measure of a player's ability to get out of the way of a potential error." On the other hand, what James calls Range Factor, or the total errorless chances per game that a fielder handles, is a more accurate measure of his true ability. After the Phillies acquired Pete Rose two seasons ago, they briefly talked of keeping him at third base, where he had played in Cincinnati, and moving Schmidt to second. James noted that in 1978 Rose had cleanly handled 2.39 chances per game at third base, Schmidt 3.01. Over, say, 150 games, that .62 difference translates to 93 balls Schmidt would handle that Rose wouldn't.

Frequently, our visual sense of the great fielders is surprisingly accurate. Brooks Robinson, Graig Nettles and Schmidt all have had high Range Factors. But the eye can deceive, too. The balloon James most enjoys bursting is that of Shortstop Larry Bowa, who has, he says, "the range of the Birdman of Alcatraz." During the past few seasons, according to James' figures, Bowa has gotten to and fielded cleanly substantially fewer batted balls than fellow National League shortstops Garry Templeton, Ozzie Smith, Ivan DeJesus, Dave Concepcion and Tim Lincecum. Bowa is a fielder "who looks good," James says, "on the balls he reaches." During the 1980 World Series, James charted every batted ball hit by the Phillies and Royals and found the locale of base hits by both sides to be virtually identical, except for balls hit through the middle. The Phils had six base hits between U.L. Washington and Frank White, the Kansas City shortstop and second baseman, while the Royals had twice as many—13—between Bowa and Phils Second Baseman Manny Trillo. The sample—six games—is small, but the result seems significant.

James has also produced a team fielding statistic that he calls Defensive Efficiency Record, which reveals what proportion of fair balls hit against a team are converted into outs and what proportion fall in for hits. Before the 1980 season began, he noted that Atlanta had acquired new players who, he said, would significantly improve the Braves' Defen-

sive Efficiency rating. "The improved defense will cause the Braves to allow markedly fewer runs than they allowed in 1979," James wrote, "but the pitching will get the credit for it." The 1980 Braves in fact allowed 103 fewer runs than the 1979 club did and—yes—the pitching was praised.

As for pitching, James investigated the old adage that it is "75% of the game" and claims it's meaningless. If pitching in fact determines most of what happens, which would be the case if it were three-quarters of the game, then why, he asks, don't pitchers impose their tendencies on the situation and create extreme totals? "Yet," he says, "no pitcher allows home runs as often as Mike Schmidt hits them, or as rarely as Duane Kuiper. No pitcher allows opposition batters an average as high as George Brett's, or as low as the league's lowest average." In short, he argues, the offense sets the extremes and is the dominant force, not pitching. James is exaggerating a bit here—he admits there could be exceptions—but his point is inescapable: the attempt to measure pitching's part of the game is futile, because baseball is many things interacting simultaneously. To say pitching or defense is more important than offense, or vice versa, is like saying the head of a coin is more important than the tail.

Not all of James' analyses are lucid. He has come up with a system for grading a player's offensive ability that he feels is a good yardstick for measuring the relative contributions of the speedster who walks and steals a lot, the high-average singles hitter and the low-average slugger. More or less on a pragmatic basis (it works, he argues), he devised a rating called Runs Created, the formula for which is:

$$\frac{RC}{AB + W + CS} = \frac{(TB + .75B)}{AB + W + CS}$$

Got that? Translated, it means that Runs Created equals hits plus walks minus times caught stealing multiplied by total bases added to seven-tenths of bases stolen divided by the sum of at bats plus walks plus times caught stealing. The formula's elements—why .7 stolen bases? Why caught stealing both above and below the line?—seem hopelessly arbitrary, but James says that if you apply the formula to any team's season statistics for the last 20 years your answer will likely be within 3% and virtually always

continued

A surreal advertisement for Jim Beam. The background is a red fire truck. In the foreground, a white box with 'JIM BEAM' printed on it is partially submerged in a liquid. A vintage orange rotary telephone is plugged into the box. A red apple is also in the liquid. The overall color palette is dominated by reds, oranges, and yellows, creating a fiery or intense atmosphere.

BEAM

THE WORLD'S FINEST BOURBON

JIM BEAM

Taste is all it takes to switch to Jim Beam.

KENTUCKY STRAIGHT BOURBON WHISKEY 40 PROOF DISTILLED AND BOTTLED BY JAMES B. BEAM DISTILLING CO. CLERMONT, BEAM, KY.

RICOH. A NAME WORTH LOOKING INTO.

We're the first to admit that we're not the first name you think of when it comes to 35mm photography.

But in Japan, where everyone has a photographic mind, Ricoh has been a name that people have been looking into and deciding upon for over forty years.

What's in our name?

Technology so advanced that we're about to introduce a camera that's powered by the sun. And the first 35mm SLR auto-focus lens that's incredibly simple to operate.

But if your needs are even simpler, we can offer you a 35mm camera that's a cinch to operate. With more features than some of the more familiar names.

If you're interested in a palm-sized camera, we've got one of the most precise ones available. As well as a complete collection of lenses, auto-winders, flash attachments and equipment.

Stop by a camera shop and listen to the dealer when he suggests you look into a Ricoh. Chances are, you'll decide you won't have to look any further.

©1985 Ricoh Co., Ltd. Ricoh is a registered trademark of Ricoh Co., Ltd. All rights reserved.

within 4% of the actual number of runs the team scored that season. It didn't work with the 1980 Red Sox, who were 7% below the number of runs the formula said they should have scored, but James blames that on the Red Sox ("No lefties, no speed, what's a bunt?")

Otherwise, Runs Created seems to work. Apply the formula to the records of individual batters and you can evaluate a player's true offensive worth to his team. James is proud of Runs Created, and his devotees love it. They also like his VI-RBI, or Victory Important Runs Batted In, his VAM, or Value Approximation Method, his EV, or Established Value, and his HOFPS, or Hall of Fame Prediction System.

Less technical-minded readers get their kicks from James' judgments. On ball parks, for instance. Everyone knows that some stadiums are said to be "hitters' parks" and others "pitchers' parks." James goes a step further and says the differences between parks are so important that "unless you play for Boston, Minnesota, Kansas City or Detroit, you have very little chance of leading the American League in hitting; unless you pitch in Baltimore, New York, California or Oakland, you have very little chance of leading the league in ERA." What surprises him is that club managements don't seem to catch on to such things. "Shea Stadium is a horrible hitters' park," he says. "All new hitters in Shea see their averages drop. Yet the Mets trade off promising youngsters because they don't hit as well as they were expected to." Invariably, the youngsters live up to their earlier expectations after they depart Shea (Amos Otis and Ken Singleton are two notable examples). And it isn't just Shea. In 1978 when Ron Fairly, coming off a .279 year in Toronto, was traded to the Angels, James wrote that Fairly would be lucky to hit .220 in Anaheim. He hit .217.

He made a similar remarkable projection last year for Pitcher Tom Underwood, acquired by the Yankees from Toronto. The left-handed Underwood had been only 9-16 with the Blue Jays in 1979, but the Yankee front office was hoping he might blossom into a star in Yankee Stadium. James surmised that the combination of Yankee Stadium and Yankee defense, coupled with the better run support he could expect, would improve Underwood's record to 15-11, four



Lansford may rise to Lynn's level in Fenway

games over .500. Underwood finished with a 13-9 record, four games over .500.

This season James relishes the textbook cases he expects will develop from the big Boston-California switches of the past winter, when players shuttled between the best hitters' park in the league (Fenway) and the third-worst (Anaheim). "One is tempted to say," he writes, "that when you put Carney Lansford in Fenway he will inherit Fred Lynn's statistics, and when you put Lynn in the Big A, he will pick up those left behind. That could very possibly happen, and



But Anaheim may prove no paradise for Lynn

I've hung myself on cruder seafoils."

James then made the following bold declarations:

- Lynn, over a period of years, will not even approach in California the offensive production he had in Fenway. If he hit .300 two-thirds of the time in Fenway, it might be one-third of the time in California. James admits that Lynn is unpredictable, but he estimates that in the long run he will be a .285 hitter in Anaheim, with 18 to 24 home runs a year.

- Third Baseman Lansford, a .261 hitter in Anaheim with 15 homers last year, is pegged for a .310 season in Boston with 25 home runs, but, says James, "that doesn't represent the upper boundary of his ability."

- Rick Burleson, the ex-Boston shortstop, never used Fenway to his particular advantage and should hit just as well in California.

- But Butch Hobson, the third baseman sent from Boston to California, is in for trouble. His home-run frequency will hold up, but his average will plummet so much that, in combination with his poor defensive play, it will make him a bad risk. The Angels will eventually bench him, since they already have an abundance of designated hitters and first basemen, and there's no other place to play Hobson. So he'll wind up hitting .230, with 15 to 22 home runs, in no more than 350 to 450 at bats.

- Joe Rudi will drive in 100 runs in Boston if he's healthy and playing. "But," adds James, "if he'd been healthy, he would have done it in California."

James seems to be going a bit farther out on a limb this time, as though trying to engender the attention he feels he deserves but hasn't received enough of yet. Nonetheless, he claims, "It's not important to me that people agree with what I have to say, just as long as they understand why I've said it." A couple of years ago, after he had noted that Bobby Murcer, then with the Cubs, had an embarrassingly low Range Factor, James received a letter from an outraged Murcer fan who declared that Bobby was "acknowledged to be one of the best rightfielders in baseball."

If you say so, James replied; still, he pointed out, the fact couldn't be disputed that Murcer got to fewer batted balls per game than any other rightfielder in the majors.

It's all there in the numbers.

849

To the gas station
owners of America.
This is what
the Honda Civic DX
looks like.



Dear Gas Station Owners,

With the fuel figures we are about to quote below, it's quite possible that you won't be seeing much of the 1981 Honda Civic 1500DX in your gas station.

So take a good long look at our beautiful car while you can.

Doesn't it take your breath away?

NOW HOLD YOUR BREATH FOR
THE MILEAGE FIGURES.

With standard 5-speed transmission, a gallon of gas will take you an EPA estimated 34 miles and 44 highway.

A tankful will take you an estimated 367 miles and 475 highway.

Use the estimated mpg figure only for comparison. Mileage may differ according to weather, speed and trip length. Actual highway mileage may be less.

The good news for gas station owners in California is that the figures are lower.

But, the bad news is that they won't be significantly lower.

Because no matter where you drive our car, it will give you gas mileage that's about the best you can get.

THE STORY DOESN'T STOP AT
FUEL ECONOMY.

Now if those gas mileage figures made you feel uncomfortable, gas station owners, a ride in the Civic 1500DX will be anything but uncomfortable.

Reclining bucket seats support your back. While velvet-like seat fabric supports the fact this really is a comfortable car.

Other thoughtful touches include a remote hatch release and rear window wiper/washer. And tinted glass all around.

Window defrosters at the rear hatch and side doors ensure a clear view.

SOME SIMPLE ENGINEERING FACTS.

Naturally, being a Honda, the Civic DX has front-wheel drive.

It also boasts steel-belted radial tires and 4-wheel independent suspension.

And in addition, this year's Civic DX is available with optional 3-speed automatic transmission.

So if you haven't seen our Civic yet, gas station owners, keep looking.

There are plenty of them around. Even if they don't fill up at your station.

HONDA





Host Johnny Bench and sandlotters, including a live feathered friend

A bunch of fun and good advice

The flutterball style of *The Baseball Bunch*, a syndicated half-hour show for kids that was first aired on May 2 and will be shown every weekend until Labor Day, found a comfortable groove when host Johnny Bench smacked a Tug McGraw pitch into a neighboring solar system.

"I guess my changeup didn't fool you," said McGraw.

"Changeup?" said Bench. "I thought that was your Peggy Lee fastball."

"Is that all there is?" the Reds' catcher crooked in a cigar-butt imitation of Miss Lee's torchy ballad. "Is that all there is? Then let's keep swinging."

That's about the way hardball is played on *The Baseball Bunch*, a cross between a Pee Wee league clinic and vintage Saturday morning Bullwinkle. Bench heads a pickup team of sandlotters consisting of a large, slightly manic Chicken and eight kids who are cheerful beyond all belief. The Chicken, for some obscure rea-

son web-footed, is a goofball. He mugs and crashes around the field and trips over foul lines—in short, a target for a tranquilizer dart.

In one early show the Chicken threw a strike past a plucky Pete Rose. "Now you're cooking, Chicken," said Rose, looking as irascible as a schoolboy who's just had his lunch money swiped. The Bunch bit on that line and found it mighty tasty when the Chicken fouled off

a McGraw fastball, Tug ran through one of his bitty routines.

"That's a Chicken dance," he told the Bunch.

"What?" they asked.

"A Chicken dance is a fowl ball."

Screwball humor like Tug's makes the show pop, when the jokes are working. When they're not, the show is about as flashy as a Double A utility infielder. But that's not so bad, for the heart of *The Baseball Bunch* is inside baseball, taught by the guys who really know it. Rose shows the Bunch how to execute a belly slide; Tom Seaver demonstrates how a pitcher covers first base; Bucky Dent teaches them how to break in a glove with shaving cream. Even home-run king Sadaharu Oh is scheduled to appear later in the summer to talk (through an interpreter) about the art of hitting and the Zen of Japanese baseball.

McGraw talks about the Zen of tossing his changeup. "It's a white demon," he says. "It's nothin' shakin' but the bacon, nothin' cookin' but the beans in the pot, and they ain't cookin' 'cause the water ain't hot. It's the same old soup; they just keep warmin' it up."

But what about a curveball, Tug? asks a girl Bunchie. "A curveball?" he screams. "What do you want to throw a curve for? It can hurt your pretty elbows. It can hurt your pretty shoulders. You twist your bones in weird ways, and your bones are still soft. Your muscles aren't

strong. And your tendons are weak."

The players' tips are intercut with film clips of game action. There is historic footage of past greats like Connie Mack, John J. McGraw and Mickey Mantle as well as shots of present-day big-leaguers that illustrate the pitfalls of such faux pas as trying to one-hand fly balls, not getting into the proper position to field a grounder and missing the cutoff man.

Adults might find the appearance of Tommy Lasorda as the Dugout Wizard toward the close of every show the most diverting. The Dodger manager materializes in a cloud of smoke, wearing a rhinestone-studded tiara, lavender featherers and the turban of a store-front swami. He intones Gandalfian phrases like "Let the manager do the talking."

Former Cincinnati skipper Sparky Anderson, who now manages the Tigers, appeared on a recent show to do some talking. He and Bench threw odds-'n'-evens fingers. Anderson won.

"Come on, Spark," said Bench. "Let's make it two out of three."

"I will not."

"Aw, come on. Remember how I went out there when I was hurt. I'm not asking for much, Spark."

"No. For nine years I gave in to you."

But Sparky gives in. Bench wins the next two rounds, which goes to show managers don't know when to shut up.

The TV Bunch learning all this is nice and clean and well pressed. They're a suburban mom's dream team, no bruises, no skinned knees, no ripped dungarees. They have names like Freddie, Louie and Ozzie—a troupe of second-generation Mouseketeers who don't look as if they'll ever play for anybody but the William Morris Agency.

Bench isn't yet the Johnny Carson of kids' baseball shows, but he's not absolutely wooden. He doesn't emcee the program with the ease with which he calls games for the Reds, but he gets the job done. And the 8-year-old baseball fans who watch the show would probably tune in just to see Johnny chase the Chicken for half an hour. Along the way they'll get some sound advice about the fundamentals of the game.

END

**Don't forget to remember Father's Day.
June 21**



A Public Service Reminder from the National Father's Day Committee.

Before you buy a bike, do a little speed reading.

What's your speed? Fifteen, twelve, ten? Maybe it's five, three or one? With all these to choose from, how do you decide which speed you need?

Well, it depends on how you like to bike. There are models made especially for touring. And for racing Bicycles for short trips—long trips. Ross has them all. And we have them in all sizes and colors. So before you ride off, read on.

15-Speed 12-Speed 10-Speed

If you like to go touring or road racing, these bikes are just your speed. Their sleek, lightweight designs make them ideal for traveling. Across town or across country. But before you go riding, here's what to consider. Be sure the bicycle has a high tensile, full lug frame for maximum strength. Look for wheels that are balanced and true. Derailleurs that shift smoothly. Brakes that are responsive. All these and more are the features that make up a quality bicycle. And you'll find them on the entire Ross Gran Tour line.

Now, if you're looking for a truly

unique riding experience, take a good look at the incredible Ross Signature Bicycles.

Designed and handcrafted by Master Framebuilder Tom Kellogg and the skilled Ross Signature staff, these bicycles are built to the highest standards of expert cyclists around the world.

5-Speed

Want to get a seat on the way to work? Take your own 5-speed. It's the perfect way to ride to the office. And the Ross Eurotour is qualified for the job. It's built with a sturdy, durable, lightweight lug frame. Alloy side-pull caliper brakes. Plus, a 5-speed derailleur system with alloy stem shifters. If

you ride on rough roads, the Ross 5-speed Diamond Cruiser can smooth the way. Built with a heavy-duty tubular fork, this bike is a strong candidate for any job.

So go to work on a 5-speed. It's the perfect way to mix business with pleasure.

3-Speed

If you're looking for a bike that's just right to take to the market, here's some food

for thought. Try a Ross 3-speed. It's got all the speed you need for a short trip.

Our Eurotours and Gran Tourists are versatile and very easy to handle. They're also built with strong, lightweight, full lug frames and the highest quality components.

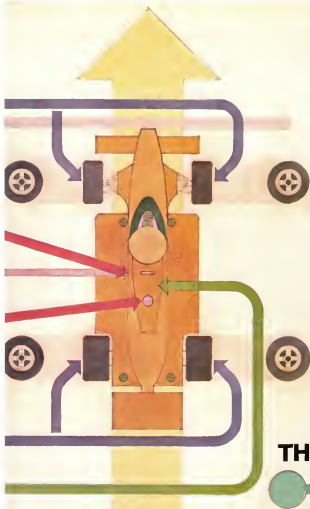
But if you feel a 3-speed is not your speed, we also have bicycles available with a fixed gear and coaster brakes.

So for a bike that's just your speed, check the Yellow Pages and take the speediest route to the Ross Dealer nearest you.



The more you know about bikes, the more you'll want a Ross.

Ross Bicycles, Inc. is a subsidiary of Ross Industries, Inc. Ross Industries, Inc. is a wholly owned subsidiary of Ross Industries, Inc.



THE INDY 500

THIS SPECIAL 24-PAGE
ADVERTISING INSERT
RECREATES THE
CLASSIC RACE FROM
FOUR BASIC COMPONENTS:
THE TRACK, THE CAR,
THE DRIVER AND THE PIT CREW.

**THIS IS ALL
YOU NEED TO
KEEP YOUR CAR
AT ITS PEAK.**

Your own bare hands. And the do-it-yourself products from PEAK. Together, they'll keep your car performing its very best. From the cooling system to the carburetor, from the door hinges to the windshield.

And it's easy. Because the entire PEAK line has been specially formulated with the do-it-yourselfer in mind.

The PEAK Performers.

Once you've decided to take really good care of your car, nothing else will do.

REACH FOR THE PEAK.



PEAK Performance Products

**DO IT
YOURSELF**

N Northern
Petrochemical
Company



It's not raining in Indianapolis on the morning of Sunday, May 24, 1981, the ritual call—"Gentlemen, start your engines"—will be given at exactly 10:53 a.m. At 10:54 a.m., 33 racing cars, each capable of speeds over 200 mph, will move off the grid in front of the main grandstand. Two Buck pace cars will lead them in a weaving parade twice around the track as their engines and tires warm, one pace car dropping out, the other increasing the pace to 100 mph plus for a third lap. The cars will come into view again on the main straight at 11 a.m. EST, plus or minus a few seconds, and if the official starter finds them in proper array as they approach the start-finish line, he will wave the green flag. In an eye-blink, the drivers will break from the formation they have held thus far,

shriek past the pits under full power and disappear into the first turn. For the next 500 miles, it's every man for himself. The 65th running of the Indianapolis 500 will be under way.

Shortly after 2 p.m., the first man across the 500-mile mark, under the checkered flag, will have earned something in excess of the \$318,819.63 that winner Johnny Rutherford was awarded last year, and the 32 other drivers will swear they're coming back in 1982 to give it another shot as they look over their shoulders at the joyful tumult in victory lane. It is not hard to figure why they will be back.

It's a point of pride that the total purse at the Speedway, \$1,503,225 in 1980, and the crowd, nearly 400,000,

are the largest in all auto racing. The prestige that accrues to the winner of such a venerable meeting—started in 1911—is enormous. The racers look at all of that and they push the Indianapolis 500 right to the top of their priority lists. It is *the* race of the year.

All of which is pretty heady stuff. To win at the Speedway takes a little more than three hours, but most of the rest of the year must be spent getting ready for it. It requires an approach that is far more pragmatic than glamorous. Think of it as a physics exam with a year's preparation, the final being held on the last Sunday in May. That's all the 500 amounts to really. Who can be the first to cover 500 miles around the Indianapolis Motor Speedway.

bank angle
9-degrees, 12 minutes at turns



PLAN VIEW
INDIANAPOLIS MOTOR
SPEEDWAY



original bricks

master control tower

scoring pylon



Indy is legendary for the bravery of its drivers and the wealth of their backers, but those qualities will get you just so far against that inevitable physics problem. The fearlessness of the entire U.S. Marine Corps and all the resources of Standard Oil of Indiana won't be enough if you have not planned properly.

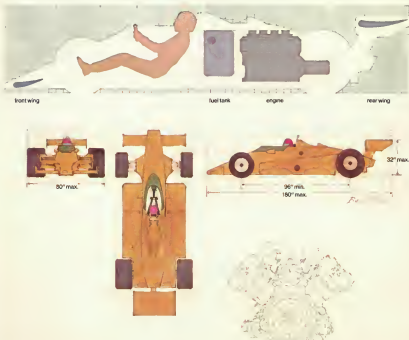
Indy only responds to the thoughtful approach. People have a long time to think about it, to figure it out. Fathers pass their experience on to sons, generation after generation migrating to Indianapolis every May—each to measure itself against a challenge that's changed very little with the passage of time. People's solutions to the problem have changed radically over the years with different rules, different cars,

different fuels, but the Speedway itself remains remarkably the same.

The 2.5-mile Indianapolis Motor Speedway was built in 1909, shaped to fit into an area one mile long and a half-mile wide. Although it is commonly referred to as an oval, it's more accurately a rectangle. Instead of two semicircular ends connected by front and back straights, Indy has four identical ninety-degree, quarter-mile turns, each banked at nine degrees and 12 minutes. They are connected by two five-eighth-mile-long straights and two one-eighth-mile-short straights. Originally, the surface was crushed stone pasted together with tar, but it broke up so badly the first year that it was replaced with bricks grouted in

cement, hence its nickname "The Brickyard." That designation lingers on today even though a paving job after the race in 1961 covered over all but a 36-inch-wide commemorative strip of the original bricks. So while the surface of the Speedway is new, the geometry of the track, the essence of the challenge, remains today exactly as it was laid down 72 years ago.

Still, there is more to it than just you and the track, because, in addition to your team, 32 other teams will have been enfranchised through qualifying on one of the two weekends before the 500 to accept the same challenge with their cars. There are rules about how this challenge must be met, very specific rules about what constitutes an acceptable car. It must weigh at least



191 cubic-inch turbocharged Cosworth V-8



"Speed counts. Endurance counts more."

Johnny Rutherford

Indy 500 winner, and one of the finest drivers of our time, Mr. Rutherford has a sharp eye for functional excellence. His watch is the Rolex Day-Date Oyster Perpetual Superlative Chronometer. Carved out of a solid block of 18kt. yellow gold, with matching hidden clasp President bracelet. Write for brochure, Rolex Watch U.S.A., Inc., Rolex Bldg., 665 Fifth Ave., New York, New York 10022.


ROLEX



"Bring around the Nova, Peter. I has a Jensen."

Quadrax® four-way car stereo speaker system.

When it comes to car audio, some people are impressed with lights they can see or buttons they can touch. But if it's the sounds you hear that matter most, you'll appreciate the Jensen Quadrax® four-way speaker system.

It not only covers bass frequencies with a 6"x9" woofer, backed by a powerful 20 ounce magnet and a high temperature 1" voice coil. It also delivers crisp, clear highs at the top end of the spectrum with a fine Jensen 2" piezoelectric tweeter. And there's more.

Two midrange drivers

The Quadrax has two separate drivers to define the upper and lower midrange

signals, where most vocals are reproduced. The result is a cleaner, more realistic sound across the entire midrange.

And the Quadrax handles power superbly, to push that sound even further—55 watts per speaker—and delivers a staggering 103dB sound pressure level.

At Jensen, it's not innovation unless it improves sound performance. And we refused to make a four-way speaker system until it could make a difference in what you hear.

The Quadrax does. Give it a listen. It could be a very moving experience.



JENSEN
SOUND LABORATORIES
AN ESMARK COMPANY

® "Quadrax" is the registered trademark identifying the patented 4-way speaker system of Jensen Sound Laboratories, An Esmark Company. (U.S. Patent 4,122,315).

When it's the sound that moves you.

© 1980, Jensen Sound Laboratories, Schiller Park, Illinois 60176.



1,425 pounds without liquids (1,500 if supercharged); have four wheels, only two of which can drive; be a maximum of 15 feet long; be a maximum of 80 inches wide; and have a wheelbase of at least 96 inches.

A wide range of engines including diesels and turbines have been permitted in the race, but the usual choice narrows down to two types: pure racing engines with superchargers (such as the 4-cylinder Offenhauser and the Cosworth V-8) which are limited to 161 cubic inches, or American passenger-car engines up to 355 cubic inches if normally aspirated, 209 cubic inches if supercharged. The different displacement limits are intended as a system of handicapping. Supercharged

engines are further handicapped with manifold-pressure limits: 48 inches of mercury for the Cosworth, 60 for the Offy and 58 for passenger-car units.

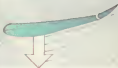
One little-known stipulation of the rules is that the use of gasoline is forbidden. This has been true since 1965. Methanol is the fuel these days. Each car is limited to 40 gallons onboard and may use no more than 280 gallons during the course of the race. The size of the tank determines the interval between fuel stops, usually about 25 laps.

Some years back, before power output was restricted by limits on manifold boost, the speed of the cars was actually determined by the amount of fuel available. Generally speaking,

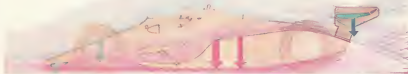
the more fuel you run through a supercharged engine, the more power it makes. And the more power, the faster the car. So, for the first few years after the fuel limits were put in place in the early '70s, Indy was a matter of racing by the gas gauge, which gave the old contest a rather bizarre twist.

These days, with so many restrictions, speed depends a great deal on "ground effects." In the late '60s, designers began putting wings on Indy cars, in effect making upside-down airplanes. The idea was to fly the car down against the track, giving better traction—and therefore more speed—in the turns. Wings produced a tremendous improvement in cornering, but at a cost: they increased wind resistance so much that

Wings are the simplest downforce devices, working on cars exactly as they do on airplanes. The only difference is that they are upside down on cars to fly the machine down against the track.



At racing speeds, air is a liquid. It washes over the surface of the car, exerting forces according to the laws of aerodynamics. Designers have learned that certain car shapes produce a beneficial downforce, pressing the car down against the track for better traction and, therefore, higher cornering speeds.



The "ground effects" concept requires the bottom of the car to form a venturi with respect to the track surface. This accelerates the flow of air under the car, creating a vacuum that pulls the car downward.

INTRODUCING THE "545" FROM 3M.

IF HARD-TO-COPY ORIGINALS LEAVE YOU IN THE DARK, GET THE COPIER THAT SEES THE LIGHT.



THE ORIGINAL*



WITHOUT 3M'S SENSITRON™
EXPOSURE SYSTEM*



WITH THE 3M SENSITRON™
SYSTEM*

When you make a copy with our new "545" plain paper copier, you get an accurate reproduction. Not a reasonable facsimile.

The reason is two-fold. First, is our new "Sensitron"™ feature. Automatically, it scans the background of your original and adjusts the copier to match.

And the second is the automatic toner control system the "545" uses. It eliminates the imbalances between toner and developer that can affect consistency. So you're virtually assured a beautiful copy. Time after time.

But the "545" is more than accurate, it's also extremely advanced. With features like

microprocessor technology. And code display diagnostics. There's even a Pause-Interrupt-Resume feature and a new touch control operator panel.

Still, the most remarkable thing about the "545" as well as our other new copiers, is its striking copy quality. But we'll let you be the judge of that.

After all, a halftone is worth a thousand words.

For more information, call toll-free **800-326-1684** (in Minnesota, 800-792-1072). Or write 3M Copying Products, Building 220-10E, 3M Center, St. Paul, MN 55144.

*These are reduced reproductions of actual specimens made on 3M brand copying equipment.

The newest line of copiers from one of the oldest names in the business.



Copying Products Division

3M Hears You...

3M



straightaway speeds were trimmed back noticeably. The net result of wings was better lap times, but not nearly as much as the improved cornering ability of the cars would have suggested.

So the designers went back to work on the problem. They discovered that if the bottom of the car's body formed a venturi with the pavement, then the air flowing under the car would accelerate, just as your high-school physics book said it would, forming a low-pressure area between the car and the ground, in effect sucking the car down against the ground. The downforce generated by this phenomenon is so great that the designers now can trim back the wings, with the result that the speed is improved all around the track.

For full effectiveness, however, the ground-effects principle depends upon air entering the venturi at the front of the car and exiting in back. To keep it from leaking out the sides, the cars have been built with sliding panels called "skirts" which hang all the way down to the pavement on both flanks, effecting a seal, transforming the space under the car into a tunnel.

Terrific. But does such a scientific development enhance the nature of the annual competition? The rules makers, who serve as custodians of the Indy tradition, have decided it does not, so skirts will be banned starting this year. Since that announcement, designers have taken their physics books off the shelves once again, looking for some other way to achieve the necessary seal.

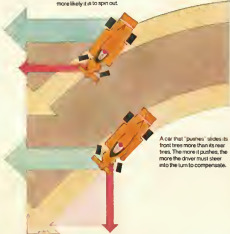
Whatever they come up with will be the subject of much testing and tuning when the Speedway opens for practice on May 2, 1981.

Practice for the 500 begins three weeks and one day in advance of the race. So much preparation time is unparalleled in auto racing, yet another aspect of Indy which makes the annual contest both unique and difficult. You can wear out a truckload of engines and wreck—and rebuild—the car several times in that period, which means that costs are inevitably high. But you don't dare cut short your practice time because there will always be somebody else who won't, who will miss no opportunity to search for a better way to get around the track 200 times in rapid succession.

The proper path through a turn is called the "line" or "groove" and is independent of the turn's radius. Geometrically, it represents the longest possible arc through the turn, subtly modified by the driver's own genius.



A car that's "loose" slides its rear tires more than its front tires. The looser it is, the more likely it is to spin out.



A car that "pushes" slides its front tires more than its rear tires. The more it pushes, the more the driver must steer into the turn to compensate.



The relative simplicity of the problem—it is, after all, a symmetrical track with only four identical corners—and the extravagant amount of time allotted for optimizing your technique means that the final execution must be nearly perfect. If not, you just won't be in the hunt.

Naturally, experience is a great help. A.J. Foyt has run the 500 a record 23 times and won it a record four times. Whether his winning is due to his talent or experience or is just a matter of taking more shots is impossible to tell, but he is generally considered to be the man to beat. Last year's winner, Johnny Rutherford, became the sixth three-time winner on his seventeenth try. That makes him one of the ranking experts as well.

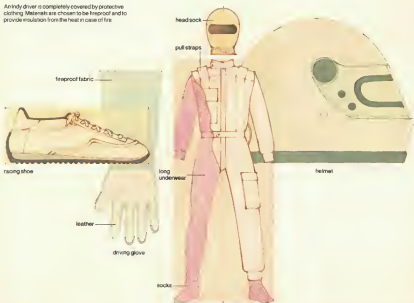
He agrees that the turns are generally the same, but each has its idiosyncracies. For one thing, they don't appear identical to the driver. "You really have to look for Turn One," says Rutherford. "You've got to tower grandstands on both sides. It's like driving down this narrow tunnel and turning left at the end. Turn Three is altogether different. It's wide-open spaces back there. But then Turn Four is critical. Because of the grandstand, you feel like you're driving into the tunnel again. There is a tendency to overshoot. A lot of guys over the years have had no trouble with the other turns, but have hit the wall in Turn Four."

Rick Mears is a relative newcomer to the Speedway, having driven in

only three 500s, but the fact that he won on his second try suggests that he learns fast. He says that if there is a wind blowing, every corner has to be driven differently. "Depending upon direction, the car might push [slide the front tires] in one turn and be loose [slide the rear tires] in another. You even get shoved around in the straightaways by gusts that blow across the track through gaps in the grandstands."

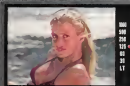
New drivers at the Speedway are at a disadvantage because they are using up practice time learning the quirks of the track while the veterans are moving ahead with the optimization of their cars. As cars have gotten more and more sophisticated over the years, the driving techniques have changed

An Indy driver is completely covered by protective clothing. Materials are chosen to be fireproof and to provide insulation from the heat in case of fire.



One of the most sophisticated devices known to man makes every picture simply beautiful.

Built into the Mamiya 35mm quartz-timed camera system is a remarkable computer. Remarkable, because it's specially programmed to ensure every picture you take will be beautiful.





Mark Fore Accessories

Macho-Ramps: 1-pc. die-formed steel with wheel wells, hold 6,500 lbs. per pair. **\$19.99**
 Ready-Reserve Bar Rik: 45" for US or import compacts. **\$14.98**



Lubr-Matic Grease Gun

Up to 10,000 lbs. working pressure to lubricate cars, trucks, machinery quickly and easily. 6" extension reaches everywhere. **7.60**
 14-oz. Grease Cartridge: **40¢ 99¢**



HOLLYWOOD ACCESSORIES JACKS

Heavy-duty 2-ton jack has 50% reserve capacity. **\$7**
 4-ton, 1-ton, 6-ton, 6-ton, 6-ton, 6-ton. **\$14.99**
 Extra-stable 2-ton service roller floor jack. **\$56.99**



CAMPBELL & HARRELL Airless

Lightweight, compact sprayer sprays a gallon of paint in 3 minutes, indoors or out. 1 control for primer and pressure. With hose and gun. **\$376.98**



Special prices good thru June 6, 1981.
 Keep your car running at top efficiency with

winning

from more than 5,000 True Value Hardware Stores and Home Centers throughout 50 states. Look under Hardware in the Yellow Pages.



Starbrite Polish

Silicone auto polish gives your car a showroom finish that lasts, and lasts. Contains no harmful waxes, oils or acids. Goes on easily. 16-oz. liquid. **\$11.11 Only 3.89**



Westley's Spiff Ups

Bleche-White™: whitewall tire cleaner. 20-oz. **1.96**
 Blue Poly™: cleans, shines, seals car finish from dirt, salt, detergent. 16-oz. **\$9.95**



DU PONT Rain Dance

Clean, wax and protect your car in 1 step. Keeps on beading and shining, rain after rain. Wash after wash. 16-oz. liquid or 14-oz. paste. Each. **\$14.99**



CHAMPION Spark Plugs

Replace your worn plugs yourself! Save money, get better gas mileage, smoother running engine. Regular plugs, each. **99¢**
 Resistor-type, each. **1.29**



STP Engine Savers

Most popular name in engine additives. Add oil treatment at oil change. 15-oz. **\$17.75 1.89**
 Gas treatment keeps fuel lines clean. 8-oz. **\$14.98 1.89**



KLEENEST Quality Motor Oils Protect Engines

2-cycle outboard motor oil. **1.39** BIA-cert. for help. **1.39**
 4-cycle motor oil for lawnmowers, tractors, motor bikes, generators. **1.39**
 Bar & Chain oil keeps saws working efficiently. **4.99** **1.99**
 Chain Saw Oil keeps engine and exhaust clean, reduces wear. **1.39**
 General-purpose gear lube for autos, tractors. SAE 80W-90. **1.99**



PolyShell One Step

Get space age polymer protection that cleans, shines and protects in one, fast step. Available in 16-oz. liquid formula or 13-oz. paste. **\$14.98**
 16-oz. 15-oz. Your choice. **6.99**



CAMPBELL 15-hp Air Power

15-hp compressor with 7-gal tank, pressure switch and tank readout gauge. 15 SCFM air delivery at 40 psi. Comes with 15 of 1/4 hose. 11501 Only. **145.00**



BIG BOY Tire Pumps

All-purpose steel pump with 24 hose, thumblock 5615. **8.96**
Hi-pressure pump for air shocks, bike tires. Built-in gauge accurate to 150 psi 5610. **15.96**



Pathfinder Parts

Quartz halogen auxiliary air lights. Clear or fog amber, pair with wiring included. F4000/144. **24.99**
Foot-operated tire pump has a gauge to 100 psi. PW56. **18.96**



FRAM Filter Values

Precision designed to reduce harmful contaminants that can shorten engine life. Most popular sizes. Air filters, from **3.79**
Oil filters, priced from **2.99**

values

Red Summerall

reminds you that do-it-yourself car care costs less with leading automotive products, at everyday low prices, from your participating True Value Hardware Store or Home Center.



GE More Headlight

Halogen Power Plus sealed beam headlamps give more light from same watts. Round or rectangular. Hi-beam, 11400/1400. **8.96**
Hi-lo beam, 16104/5052. **18.96**



SIMONIZ Car Wax

'Shines like the Sun' goes on and buffs off in less than an hour. Clean, deep, bright shine lasts and lasts. 16-oz. liquid or 14-oz. paste. 954/5. **4.49**



GUNK Fast Action

Liquid 'Wrench' penetrates carbon, corrosion and gum to easily loosen parts. 8-oz. (1118). **1.18**
Gunk's self-emulsifying engine cleaner. 15-oz. 1314. **1.59**



bondo Body Repair

Body Repair Kit lets you fix it like a pro. With instructions 286. **8.49**
New microcell formula body filler fixes dents, holes, scratches. No mixing. Gal 285. **9.99**



Bondo Body Shop

15-pc. kit to fix dents, nicks, etc., on any vehicle. 85041. **8.99**
Body filler kit with cream hardener, bridging screen, spreader. Pl. kit. EDK-1. **2.89** Qt. 15K3. **4.29**



Fights Rot

Protectant for vinyl, rubber, leather. 4-oz. spray 10540. **1.49**
All purpose cleaner works on almost any surface. Gets out dirt, grease. 16-oz. 31860. **1.99**



QUAKER STATE Motor Oil

Deluxe all-temperature motor oil helps engine run more efficiently, economically. Refined from best quality Pennsylvania crude oil. Qt. size, 10540. **1.99**



WD-40 Lubricant

Penetrates instantly to free frozen metal parts, stop rust and corrosion. Eliminates moisture to reduce electrical shorts. 9-oz. spray 10011. **1.49**

©1991 True Value Hardware Stores, Inc. All rights reserved. True Value Hardware Stores, Inc. is a registered trademark of True Value Hardware Stores, Inc. All other trademarks are the property of their respective owners.

Thirsting
for the best
of Canada?

Make sure
it's Molson.



MOLSON

SINCE 1786

BREWED AND BOTTLED IN CANADA, imported by Martlet Importing Co., Inc., Great Neck, N.Y.



enormously. No longer does a driver brake for the turns. If his car is working reasonably well, he will drive all the way around without lifting his foot off the throttle.

There are several reasons for this evolution. First, the engines do not make as much power as they used to. Back when there were no limits on manifold pressure or fuel quantity, some cars had over 800 hp on race day and were tweaked up over 900 hp for the four-lap qualifying run. Under the present rules, the very best engines this year are expected to produce about 675 hp, up from 625 hp last year.

But while the engines have grown weaker, the engineering advances to compensate seem to be coming at a

faster rate than ever before.

Rutherford's pole-winning average of 192.256 mph last year was 10 mph off the record set in the high-horsepower days. This year, with the power still way down, the speeds are expected to approach 200 mph again. The drivers, designers and mechanics seem to understand the principles of physics better than ever before and know how to make the right tradeoffs.

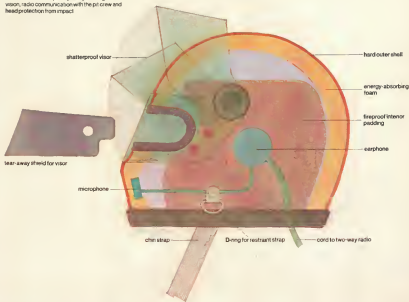
The driver has to have the courage to take the turns without lifting, but that in itself does not assure a fast lap. In fact, a car that is truly comfortable under those circumstances—"glued down" in the vernacular—might well be slow. A strong dose of downforce makes the car very stable, but the accompanying wind resistance limits

top speed. Thus it is comfortable . . . and slow. Yet the car can't be so "nervous" that it wears out the driver before he can cover 500 miles. So, many days in May are spent agonizing over the necessary compromises: timing your car, timing the competitors' cars, seeing where you stand.

One clue to a car's condition is "the spread," how much the tachometer needle varies around the track. If the car is moderately fast and the driver can get around without lifting off, but the engine is losing 700 revolutions-per-minute in the turns, then the spread is too wide. Too much speed is being lost in the turns.

One possible cause is that too much

The helmet is a complex system providing forward vision, radio communication with the pit crew and head protection from impact.





"push" has been adjusted into the chassis. A pushing car usually feels reassuring to the driver—the exact opposite of a car that wants to spin out. But it also slides the front tires across the pavement in the turns like you'd slide an eraser across a piece of paper, and in so doing it consumes a fair amount of engine power. Backing off on the push may increase cornering speed, but it also puts the car more on edge, closer to spinning. How close to the spin-out line can a driver tread for 500 miles? The team will keep experimenting with that question right up until race day.

And even when a team finds what appears to be the perfect setup, they can never be sure it will not disappear due to some unforeseen circumstance.

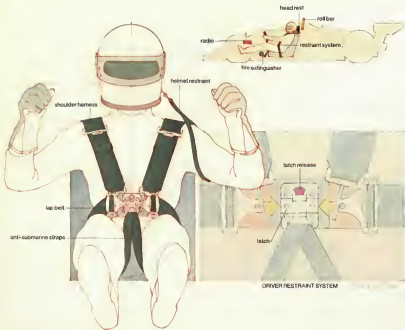
"Maybe all you've got is a set of great five-lap tires," Rutherford says. This is because practice and testing is usually done in stints of just a few laps at a time with stops for adjustments in between. "You might go eleven laps and the tires would be hot enough to change their characteristics completely. So you have to make a 20-lap run on the race setup before the race. Otherwise, you're just guessing."

Rutherford refers to this system of seemingly endless pre-race testing as "building a good psychological climate. It's reasonably excruciating," he says, "to climb into that car at the start of a race and not know what it's going to do. But if you can trust the car and the crew, then you can use your head. You can plan a

strategy for 500 miles and have a chance to win."

Indeed, the preferred strategy at Indy is to be prepared for anything. Each team has a manager who is very much like a football coach. He drills the members of the crew during practice, learning their weaknesses and directing their actions. On race day he strides the pitlane, talking to the driver through his radio headset, coordinating pit stops, prepared to call in a new play the second he sees the complexion of the race changing.

The Penske team is known for its precision. It has a separate manager for each of its three cars. One of them is Don Cox, a graduate engineer and a veteran Indy strategist. He knows what





ROGER STAUBACH
One of the most dependable
performers in football history,
and an engineer by training.

"The Armstrong Tru-Trac Radial 60 & 70 have performance built in."

The Tru-Trac Radial is a tire designed to give excellent handling and a smoother ride with today's suspension and steering systems. Armstrong's advanced tire technology has succeeded in reducing the weight and rolling resistance of a high performance tire while actually increasing its strength! The inside secret is the Tru-Trac construction that uses light-weight, flexible belts of Kevlar® aramid—the fiber of the future that pound for pound is five times stronger than steel. This construction gives the Tru-Trac a number of advantages over the Goodrich T/A. For example, the 70 series is four pounds lighter yet has a wider tread arc. The 60 series is 7½% lighter yet 19% stronger. What's more, the Tru Trac has provably longer tread life than the T/A. Both the Tru-Trac Radial 60 and 70 series meet new P-metric standards which allow higher inflation for better fuel economy. For your nearest Armstrong dealer, check the Yellow Pages or call North Wadcock toll free 1-800-243-2510 (West of the Rockies, call 213-589-7221).

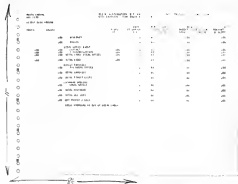
© 1984 Armstrong Tires, Inc.

ARMSTRONG TIRES
THE DEPENDABLE PERFORMERS



INTRODUCING THE "565" FROM 3M

IF YOU HAVE TO MAKE TWO COPIES WHEN YOU ONLY NEED ONE, GET OUR NEW 11" x 17" COPIER.



With most copiers, it takes a little ingenuity to copy an 11" x 17" original.

With the "565", it's as simple as pushing a button. Because besides copying originals up to 11" x 17", it can also save you a lot of time.

You see, the "565" features microprocessor technology. And code display diagnostics.

As well as an automatic toner control system combined with an electronic sensor that adjusts the copier to match your original. So you're virtually assured a beautiful copy. Time after time. Twenty every minute.

Of course, all of that science allowed us to build a lot of convenience into the "565", too. Like a Pause-Interrupt-Resume feature. Dual paper cassettes with a versatility bypass. And a new touch control operator panel that's as sleek as it is simple.

Our new "565" is truly a marvelous machine. Because, besides making beautiful copies up to 11" x 17", it can save you a lot of time. And that's something everyone can use a little more of.

For more information, call toll-free **800-328-1684** (in Minnesota, 800-792-1079).

Or write 3M Copying Products, Building 220-10E/3M Center, St. Paul, MN 55144.



The newest line of copiers from one

of the oldest names in the business.

3M



is required of the crew during an ideal race: seven stops for fuel, three of which would also be used to change worn-out right-side tires. What he worries about is coping with events that aren't ideal, perhaps because of mistakes. He might call for a pit stop at the wrong time, or a crewman might mess up getting the fuel-hose nozzle into the filler coupling on the car, or fail to put a wheel on tightly. Or the work might simply be done too slowly. If the average racing speed is 180 mph, one extra second on each of seven pit stops would put a car back almost four-tenths of a mile at the end of 500 miles. Cox knows the crew can do something to lose the race just as easily as can the driver.

He also knows that if the crew can act fast, they can minimize the

time lost to unexpected problems. Therefore he has them prepared for five distinct types of stops:

The first is for fuel only. No matter what the car comes in for, the fuel tank will always be topped up unless there is some extraordinary circumstance such as fire. However, even in a planned fuel-only stop, the tire changers will still be out looking over the car for impending failures.

The second type of stop is for fuel and right-side tires. If one right-side tire is changed, the other one usually is also so that the car's overall handling balance will be preserved.

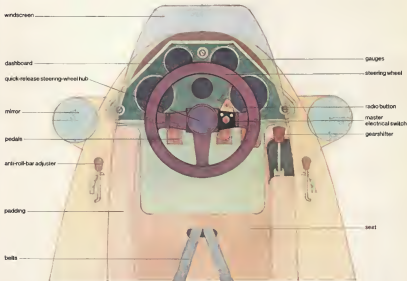
The third type is fuel, right-side tires and the left rear. The diameter of one

rear tire relative to the other, even down to a difference of one-eighth of an inch, is critical to handling. So the team manager may decide to change rears in prematched sets to maintain balance.

The fourth type of stop is fuel and all tires. This would probably be necessary only in the event of a spin which generally ruins all the tires by grinding flat spots on them.

The fifth type of stop is to replace some broken part on the car and it is virtually impossible to rehearse this procedure in advance.

So flexibility is critical. Cox says that sometimes even the crew does not know what kind of stop it will be until





about 10 feet before the car comes to a halt. "The driver may like the way the car handles with the tires it has, but is afraid they'll wear out before his next stop. The two-way radios don't always work very well—particularly to the backside of the track—so we may be discussing a tire change as he comes down the pit lane. Or maybe we didn't plan to do anything—just add fuel—but one of the tire guys sees something he doesn't like."

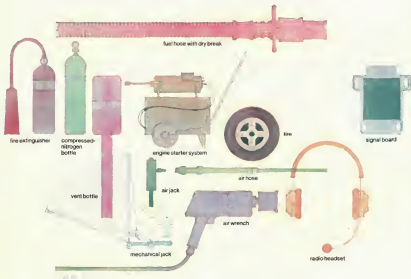
To keep the confusion down, the basic ritual of the pit stop is always the same. The rules allow seven team members over the wall at the same time. One, of course, is the driver in the car and another is the man who handles the signal board out beyond the pit, right next to the track itself. That leaves five

to work on the car in the pit. Fueling takes two men, one for the filler hose and one for the vent. Another man is in charge of the jack, while the remaining two are tire changers. Each man always has the same job. And since all the spare tires and tools have been set out in place, the car always has to stop in the exact same spot.

To precisely position their car in the pit, the Penske team uses a target on a pole, manned by someone behind the pit wall who holds it out into the pit road. The car comes in and stops with its nose touching the target. Rutherford uses a slightly different method. He has a line painted on the pavement over which he centers his car and another line on the pit wall to tell him exactly where to stop. But the intent of the two

schemes is the same: to position the car the same distance out from the wall and the same distance down the road every time so the crew will not have to lug the fuel hose and tires any farther than necessary.

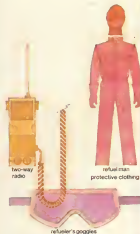
There are even prearranged systems for leaving the pits. Rutherford has a man standing by the right-front tire who visually signals him when the work is done and the traffic is clear. Cox gives the Penske driver that information over the radio. But, even so, each driver has his own preferences. Mario Andretti, for example, just wants to know when the work is finished. He'll decide for himself when there is space in traffic. "He's a master at fitting into tight spots," Cox says.





The payoff from all this carefully practiced pit work is a minimum of wasted time. Once the race starts, that is the best support any driver could hope for. There is a limit to how fast he can go, so eliminating the negatives gives him the best chance at being first over the 500-mile mark. "If somebody is running off and leaving me, I'll chase until I determine I can't catch him," Rutherford says. "A younger, less-experienced driver might chase till he runs out of brains and hangs it on the wall. But my experience tells me, 'Hey, you can't go any harder.' So I'll settle down, pick a pace, run it and see what happens."

Other veterans operate in the same way. Rick Mears says, "I always start out slow, just holding on, keeping the

two-way
radiorefuel man
protective clothing

refueler's goggles

RAIN DANCE® ACTUALLY OUTLASTS THE LEADING DEALER-APPLIED POLY.



Water Beading Proves It. DuPont Guarantees It.

Scientific tests prove RAIN DANCE® shines longer, beads water longer than any leading car wax or polycrystalline wax, including the leading dealer-applied poly sealant wax costing \$100 or more. If you think we're all wet, just write for this fact folder to the address below.



America's #1 Premium Wax



GUARANTEED TO LAST LONGER: RAIN DANCE® is guaranteed to keep your car beading and shining longer than the leading liquid or paste car waxes. Not even the leading polycrystalline wax can wax last longer than RAIN DANCE. If not completely satisfied, return unused portion to 8-2233, Du Pont Company, Wilmington, Delaware 19880 for full refund of actual purchase price and postage.



leaders in sight, pacing myself." Five hundred miles is too long for a sprint. Indy is too important to throw away with a burst of overzealousness. So the drivers tend to lay back a bit—if that term has any meaning when a pack of open-wheel race cars is circulating at upwards of 180 mph—and wait to see how the plot develops. It's much like a marathon: maybe everyone else will fade. You don't want to commit so much to the early going that you have nothing left.

"Toward the end, the race can get lively," Mears says. "If it comes down to the last 20 laps and you have to leg it to beat somebody—you get that signal from the pits—then you do it."

Of course, if you've planned it well,

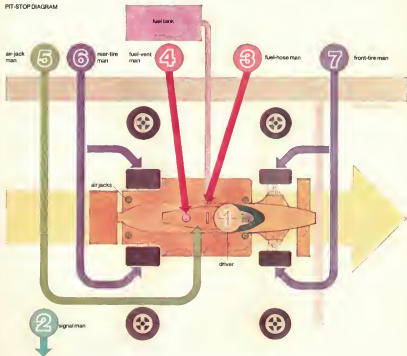
your equipment is good and the strategy all works, that signal may never come. You may find yourself all alone out there in the lead. And while such a finale may seem like an anticlimax, it also happens to be exactly the anticlimax that all the months of planning, practicing and scheming were intended to produce.

The Indianapolis 500 always rewards the thoughtful—there's no doubt about that—but no analysis of the winning way would be complete without some final nod of admiration in the direction of the guy who straps himself into the car and holds the throttle down for all those miles. Johnny Rutherford speaks of the essential combination of brains and

guts when he says, "You don't run the race any faster than you have to. I think that's the key. But it's still awfully fast."

by PATRICK BEDARD

PIT-STOP DIAGRAM



Winning Hall of Fame Mechanics Choose Winning S-K® Tools

Conference of 1987 11th Hall of Fame Mechanics



"I rose the touring on S-K extensions."
Steve Reley... GARY



"For the rest of S-K."
Don Phillips... USAF



"A winning combination."
Don Phillips... USAF



"S-K's expanding action sockets... features."
John Phillips... USAF



"The S-K's expanding action sockets... features."
John Phillips... USAF



"S-K's expanding action sockets... features."
John Phillips... USAF



"S-K's expanding action sockets... features."
John Phillips... USAF



S-K expanding action sockets... a great plus.



S-K Throat wheel ratchet... unique and exclusive... great for working in tight places.

Unique touring on popular extensions makes it easier to use with heavy hands.

There is a fine line between perfection and mediocrity... The winners of the 11th Mechanics Hall of Fame awards not only strive for perfection, constantly... they achieve it... They are winners and S-K Tools salute these "Great Ones."

S-K Tools... Dresser Ind., Inc. 3201 N. Wolf Rd. Franklin Park, IL 60131

S-K

DRESSER

S-K Tools
Dresser Ind., Inc.
3201 N. Wolf Rd.
Franklin Park, IL 60131

Bob Sharp

SATISFIED



As a professional racer, Bob Sharp knows what it means to depend on his equipment. To feel comfortable with his car. Or his camera. His camera is the Canon AE-1, the revolutionary camera that made line photography simpler than ever before. It's a quality camera, combining the finest in optics and mechanical engineering with the most advanced electronics to assure sharp, clear, professional-looking pictures every time. Bob's had his Canon AE-1 more than three years now, and has added a power winder, a Canon

Speedlite and several lenses. To make himself an outfit that he carries everywhere. The AE-1 has made photography his favorite occupation. Next to racing.

Bob Sharp isn't alone. In the time since its introduction, more than one million Canon AE-1's have been bought in the United States alone and it's still going strong. Making it far and away the most successful camera of its type in history. A million satisfied customers must know something!

What they know is this. The Canon AE-1 was, and still is, unmatched for its combination of cost and performance. It has shutter-priority auto-

mation that's as simple as focus and click. Shutter priority automation is a long way of saying that you can get sharper pictures, because you select a shutter speed fast enough to prevent blur and the camera adjusts the lens for the light. You get great pictures automatically, but remain in control. You can shoot with full confidence that every shot will be as sharp and bright as the next.

Part of the satisfaction of owning a Canon AE-1 comes from knowing that it's the foundation for a whole system of photography. Like Bob Sharp, you can add lenses and accessories that will add to your enjoyment and broaden your creativity. Use a Canon zoom lens to bring sports action up close. Add a wide-angle for panoramas or a Fish Eye lens for special effects. There are over forty fine Canon lenses of all types and sizes which have been hailed by professionals as some of the best they've ever experienced.

Indoors, a Canon Speedlite will give you automatic flash shots. There are several "A Series" speedlites that simply attach to the AE-1 and set both shutter speed and aperture as soon as they're ready

to fire. It's the most automatic flash available - you simply can't make a mistake.

Want to shoot fast? Add the Power Winder A and you'll never miss a shot! It fires at up to two frames per second, while the automatic Canon AE-1 keeps working to make each shot a winner!

Want to satisfy your curiosity? Ask your local Canon dealer why the AE-1 is his best-selling automatic reflex camera. When you buy your AE-1 you'll be opening a door into creative photography (and fun) that you may have never realized was there.

And that's real satisfaction!



The Official Camera of the Auto Club

Canon AE-1

Canon U.S.A., Inc., 300 South Zeeb Road, Melville, N.Y. 11761
1-800-352-3333 (In N.Y. State, 516-438-5700) Telex: 9800 Canon
Bldg. B-2, 1000 Avenue of the Americas, New York, N.Y. 10018-1098
© 1980 Canon U.S.A., Inc.

There are at least three kinds of insurance every person should have.



If you're on your own or helping to support a family, you should definitely have *Medical insurance*, *Homeowner's or Renter's insurance*, and of course, *Life insurance*. But which kinds and how much? A Nationwide agent can help you decide. And he or she can show you how you can ease your budget and pay for *all* your Nationwide insurance on a monthly basis.

Even if you're already covered by your employer's medical plan, it may not be adequate to meet the high cost of hospitalization and other medical expenses.

Even if you already have Homeowner's insurance, will the coverage keep pace with the steadily increasing cost of rebuilding? If you have Renter's insurance, does it permit you to get coverage for the true value of your silver, jewelry, furs and other valuables?

Even if you now have Life insurance, do you have enough? If you're married,

could your spouse support your home and children as well without your *income*? If you're widowed or divorced with children in your care, would there be enough to support them?

Have you planned for your retirement? It's never too early. The younger you start, the

less your premiums usually cost.

Call your local Nationwide agent for the answers to these important insurance questions. Or any others you may have. It's really what insurance is all about—making you more sure of yourself.



**NATIONWIDE
INSURANCE**

Nationwide is on your side

Home office: One Nationwide Plaza,
Columbus, Ohio 43216

Nationwide Mutual Insurance Company
Nationwide Mutual Fire Insurance Company

Nationwide Life Insurance Company

Available in most states. An equal opportunity employer.

USAIR... FOR THE FAIREST OF THE FARES.



Save 25% to 50% on your next trip!

When you choose USAir as the airline for your next trip, you get an extra advantage... more than a dozen different discount fare plans. That means whether you want to travel for a weekend or stay a month, there's a fare that's right for you!

Here's an example of how USAir saves you money:

Super Saver—save 35% to 50%!

Save 35% off our roundtrip full Coach fare every day on every flight... to every U.S. city we serve. Accompanied children 2-11 save 50%! Just purchase your roundtrip ticket at least 14 days in advance. Return as early as the first Saturday, or stay up to 60 days! (A slightly different Super Saver is available to/from Canada.)

Liberty Fare—for unlimited travel!

Get 3-15 days of unlimited travel anywhere USAir flies for one inclusive fare! \$319 (excluding Arizona), \$499 (including Arizona). Accompanied children 2-11 travel for 50% off the adult fare!

Flexible Flier—save 25%!

Save 25% off roundtrip full Coach fares on available flights departing between 9:30 a.m. and 2:00 p.m. and between 8:30 p.m. and 7:00 a.m. inclusive. Just buy your ticket anytime prior to departure. Fly anywhere in our system except Atlantic City, New Orleans, Florida or Arizona.

Military Fare—save 50%!

All U.S. Military personnel on active duty, on leave furlough or pass, or within 7 days of discharge, can get 50% off our one-way or roundtrip full Coach fare. Plan your leave now and take advantage of this great fare available every day, everywhere we fly in the U.S.A.

Seating is limited for some of these fares... plan now and save! For more information, see your travel agent, corporate travel office or call USAir today!

Fly the USA on USAir.

USAIR

Harsh penalties following a bizarre series of events have made some Illini clamor to get out of the conference

by DOUGLAS S. LOONEY

THE BIG TEN'S BIG MESS

The Big Ten forgot to rape us after they finished pillaging us," an enraged University of Illinois alumnus wrote the other day to the school's athletic director, Neale Stoner. This is typical of the rhetoric following the May 2 announcement that Illinois was being put on three-year probation by the Big Ten. That action was the culmination of a year-long brouhaha between Illinois and its conference colleagues over Illini Quarterback Dave Wilson. The sanctions were unexpectedly harsh, and neither the verbiage nor the tension has diminished since. Among the words that have been banded about in discussions among the gentlemen of the Big Ten are: liar, cheater, phony transcript, high-handed, sanctimonious, deception and bad faith.

Indeed, there are those who think the conference forgot nothing in slamming the jailhouse door on the entire Illinois sports program—and in particular on Wilson. A transfer student from Fullerton (Calif.) College, a junior college, Wilson blossomed last year into an almost certain first-round NFL draft choice by setting six NCAA, 11 Big Ten and 15 Illinois records. Against Ohio State he passed for 621 yards to become the first quarterback in history ever to better 600 in a game.

Many Illinois fans feel that the school, a charter member of the Big Ten (which dates back to 1895), should drop out of the conference. As a Mattoon, Ill. fan wrote, "We're mad as hell and we're not going to take it anymore." Illinois Chancellor John E. Cribbet calls the punishment "excessive and punitive," but he also says "far too many people have said far too much," and concedes, "We're in a bad bind." Two weeks ago the faculty-student Urbana-Champaign Senate rejected the sanctions with a resolution that read in part, "We believe the integrity and principles of the University of Illinois and its faculty, students and alumni are more important than is our relationship to the Big Ten."

continued



The focus of the controversy is Quarterback Dave Wilson, who last season used successfully to play

The only positive development for Illinois came last Tuesday when University President Stanley O. Ikenberry and Cribbet went to Bloomington, Ind. and persuaded the Big Ten faculty representatives—each school has one and they are the final authority on conference sports questions—to delay implementation of the sanctions from July 1 until Sept. 1. This grace period will give hot tempers time to cool but putting the toothpaste back in the tube is another matter. Rob-

The representatives answered these questions Yes, Maybe, No and Yes, and besides ordering the three-year probation, barred the school from participating in any postseason event in any men's sport for two years—a devastating blow to recruiting—and cut off conference revenue that Illinois would have received for the next two years, a sum estimated to be about \$2 million. That's a loss of almost 20% of Illinois' \$5.8 million annual sports budget.

Slumped in front of his locker after a workout two weeks ago, Dave Wilson shook his head and said, "I expected a little mercy." But in discussing the matter a few days later in his Chicago offices, Byron Gregory, an attorney for the Big Ten, said, "Wilson's problem is that he concentrated on an athletic career at the expense of academics."

Nevertheless, there seems to be little evidence that Illinois did anything wrong, other than some bureaucratic and clerical bungling. And, assuming the school did do everything the Big Ten accuses it of, its crimes appear to be small potatoes in comparison with those revealed in the eligibility scandals that have erupted elsewhere in the past 18 months.

The Big Ten action is all the more galling to Illini faithful because, when it comes to football, few schools have worked as hard as Illinois to field such lousy teams. Only once in the past 15 years has Illinois had a winning season. It appeared that Coach Mike White (3-7-1 in 1980, his first year) might turn things around. Not, mind you, that championships were on the horizon, but at least respectability was.

But, it seems, those concerned with athletics at the rest of the Big Ten schools, and the commissioner's office, for years hadn't liked the way Illinois was operating its athletic program, and certainly don't now. Attorney Auler says, "They [Big Ten officials] don't realize there are different rules for Kick the Can, depending on where you grew up."

Further, the conference evidently is telling Illinois, without specifically saying so, that it doesn't care for junior college transfers—especially from California, where scholarship standards and eligibility requirements aren't always perceived as being top-drawer. It would seem that it irks the Big Ten that 13 of White's 22 scholarship recruits this spring are junior college transfers, with

half a dozen more expected in the fall.

Finally, some observers feel, the faculty reps want to cast in concrete that what they say goes and that a good conference member gets along by going along. Indiana's Jack Wentworth, chairman of the faculty group, says, "We're the ultimate authority, and our view is that these people are in school for an education. The vote against Illinois was 9-2 so there's got to be something down there that causes concern."

William Ferguson is executive secretary of Illinois' mathematics department and also the school's faculty representative. "The reasons for all this [the sanctions against Illinois] are conspicuous by their absence," he says. "I think there must be an undercurrent of something, some hidden agenda."

Could be. It seems to galling the Big Ten, for example, that Illinois fired Cecil Coleman as athletic director in 1979 after seven years in office. Then Illinois, in the view of much of the rest of the conference, compounded the error by hiring Stoner from California State-Fullerton. Illinois also fired Coach Gary Moeller (Ohio State '63), a Big Ten old boy who had logged eight years as an assistant at Michigan, and signed up White, who had coached at Stanford and Cal and for the 49ers. More California. Even worse, word was going around that White might have played fast and loose with the rules when he was head coach at Cal. He was fired in 1977 after a 7-4 season. The fact was that he had a personality conflict with California athletic director Dave Muggard, who, among other things, wasn't thrilled with the borderline academic qualifications of some athletes White was recruiting. (A friend of White's says, "Mike will play up to the limit of the rules, but he won't go beyond.") Moreover, Cal players were labeled cheap-shot artists during White's six-year tenure, and that reputation has been hard for the Illinois coach to shake. Against this backdrop, White hired two Illinois assistants from Arizona State and two others from Oregon—and both those schools were penalized by the Pac-10 last August for accepting unearned credits and falsified transcripts. Then White recruited Wilson.

The Big Ten believes Illinois has loose faculty control of athletics, which may well be the case. If so, it isn't unique in this regard, even in the Big Ten. Academicians talk about faculty control; in

Illini A.D. Stoner says Wilson alone brought suit.

ert Auler, Wilson's lawyer, plays down the significance of the Bloomington meeting. "It doesn't mean a damn thing," he says. "Cribbet and Ikenberry went there and people were nice to them and gave them cookies. That's all."

It was those same faculty reps who put Illinois on probation after examining these questions: Did Wilson use up a year of his eligibility by taking part in three plays in one game at Fullerton? Is he a good enough student to be at Illinois in the first place? Is he making normal progress as a student? And above all, did Illinois deceive the conference in its efforts to make Wilson eligible to play football last fall?

PAINLESS FILLINGS

If you're tired of saying "Ouch!" with each visit to the gas station, it's time you investigated **30** ^{mpg} _{city} **44** ^{mpg} _{hwy.} Lynx, from Lincoln-Mercury.

Its front-wheel drive and advanced hemispherical head engine offer exceptional fuel efficiency.

Inside the Lynx LS (shown here), you'll derive other pleasures between fill-ups. Lynx LS offers you a special inner world of reclining bucket seats



trimmed in luxury velour cloth, deep-pile carpeting, digital clock, and AM/FM stereo

with dual rear speakers. There's room inside for four American-sized people. More interior space, in fact, than Honda Accord, VW Rabbit, Datsun

210 or Toyota Corolla SR-5 (based on EPA Interior Volume Index).

Lynx LS, from Lincoln-Mercury. Fill it with gas. Fill it with people. It'll fill you with pleasure.

LYNX
LINCOLN-MERCURY DIVISION



LYNX FROM LINCOLN-MERCURY

*Applicable to units without power steering or air conditioning. Use the mileage figures for comparison. Mileage you get may differ depending on speed, weather, and trip length. Actual highway mileage and California ratings vary. Buy or lease at your Lincoln-Mercury Dealer's.

reality, athletics are controlled—for good or ill—by athletic departments.

Only 14 years ago Illinois was severely penalized by the Big Ten. When a slush-fund operation was discovered, the school was ordered to fire its football coach, Pete Elliott, and both of its basketball coaches, Harry Combes and Howie Braun. That action so crippled athletics in Champaign-Urbana that its effects have been felt to this day.

But all these things are intangibles, and Big Ten Commissioner Wayne Duke vigorously denies that they have anything to do with the Wilson case. "You don't take pride in enforcing the rules," he says. "You take pride in protecting academic standards."

Ironically, no one accuses Wilson of doing anything wrong. The blot on his record are that he didn't hit the books as hard as he should have in high school and that he is always doing what well-meaning adults tell him to.

Two weeks ago in Champaign, Wilson was eating pizza with fellow quar-

terbacks Kris Jenner, Tim Damron and Tony Eason and the quarterback coach, Walt Harris, and discussing his plight. "I remember when I was little, a coach showed me a sign," he said. "I still remember it. It said: Rule No. 1: The coach is always right. Rule No. 2: If the coach is wrong, refer to Rule No. 1."

Wilson has subscribed to that maxim in spades. Further, his red hair and wide-eyed innocence make him look like an overgrown (he's 6'3", 215 pounds) Dennis the Menace. But he isn't. What comes through is candor. "Of course I wouldn't be here if it weren't for football, to be honest," he says. "Football is first and education is second. I know I haven't used my academic talents to their fullest. I could be a lot more intelligent than I am now. I am an underachiever. But I go to class. I go to lab and cut up a few rats and frogs. I'm relatively intelligent. I'm not a dumb jock." The proof is in the numbers. At both Fullerton and Illinois he has made passing grades. His average is 3.57 on a 5.0 scale, a C+.

Wilson grew up in Anaheim, five minutes from Disneyland, and went to Kattella High. "My grades weren't very good," he says, "but nobody told me they were supposed to be." His average for grades nine through 12 was 2.11 on a 4.0 scale, a C. He gravitated to football "because I could throw nice spirals. But when you're quarterback of a high school team that is 3-6 and 2-7, a lot of recognition doesn't come."

So not a single university was interested in Dave Wilson for football reasons, although academically he met the NCAA standard of at least a 2.0 grade point average in high school.

In 1977 Wilson enrolled at Fullerton. A backup quarterback, he was sent into the Hornets' first game of the season against Citrus College, a J.C. in Azusa, Calif., with 3:16 to go in the second quarter. On his first play Wilson was forced to scramble and fell out of bounds, landing on and breaking his right wrist. He stayed in for two more plays. Wilson thought the wrist was merely sprained, and it was taped at half time, but when he returned to the field to start the second half, "I couldn't grip the football." He wore an arm cast for 12 weeks.

Because Wilson couldn't play football or write in class, his coach, Hal Sherbeck, advised him to drop out of school for the time being. "They said it would be like I had never even gone out," says

Wilson. Sherbeck, who says he checked with various people, assured Wilson he could still play two years at Fullerton, and if anybody wanted him, two more at a four-year school.

That was only partly true. While the smaller NCAA schools in Divisions II and III do subscribe to this philosophy, the bigger schools in Division I don't accept medical redshirts from junior colleges. Contrary to what many believe, however, it is not an NCAA rule in football for Division I, although it is for all other Division I sports. In football, the decision rests with the conferences, although the conferences have routinely claimed—as the Big Ten did in the Wilson case—that it is an NCAA rule.

All of which led attorney Auler to grump. "[The Big Ten] is saying there are three kinds of breaks—simple, compound and Big Ten."

Wilson's wrist healed, so he came back in the spring of 1977-78 and took a part-time Fullerton class schedule of eight hours. At times the Big Ten representatives have counted this school term as a full year and noted Wilson's lack of progress. In 1978-79 and 1979-80, Wilson played football and went to school full time at Fullerton. But after seven games plus five plays in the eighth, he was again hurt. This time, as he stepped up into the pocket to pass, he was grabbed and twisted down. His left ankle was dislocated and the fibula was fractured. While a few schools had shown some interest in Wilson—including Minnesota and Michigan State of the Big Ten—that interest waned with Wilson on crutches.

Enter Mike Whise. Before he took the job at Champaign, he looked over the Illini roster, discovered there was little talent, and figured his best hope was a J.C. quarterback who could come in and play—and throw. White called Sherbeck, who gave Wilson high marks but not raves. "I wasn't a superstar in anybody's eyes," says Wilson, "not even mine."

And to White's credit, he told Wilson that it looked as if he would only be eligible for one year of Big Ten football because his three plays for Fullerton in 1977 would use up a full year of eligibility. The NCAA ruled in January 1980 that Wilson probably had only one year of eligibility remaining, but left the final decision up to the conference. On May 4, 1980 Illinois made its case to the Big Ten eligibility committee—four of the faculty representatives—which ruled that

continued



This Dave Wilson's transcript caused a furor.

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined
That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

8 mg. "tar," 0.7 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette by FTC Method.

© Goldblatt, U.S.A., 1980

Golden Lights.
You really know you're smoking.

Give up double digit tar. But don't give up the pleasure.

100% TOBACCO
NO FLAVORS OR ADDITIVES


**Go
Li**



**Golden
Lights**



Taste!

You be the judge. Discover why more V.O. is bought than any other imported distilled spirit in America. More than any Scotch, Canadian, Rum, Gin, Vodka, Tequila.

V.O.

Enjoy our quality in moderation.

CANADIAN WHISKY: A BLEND OF CANADA'S FINEST WHISKIES.
6 YEARS OLD 30 & 40 PROOF SEAGRAM DISTILLED CO., N.Y.C.

Wilson could play in the fall if he had 51 hours of academic credit, the Big Ten minimum for a student going into his junior year (Wilson was allowed to transfer 36 hours from Fullerton, with an average of 3.639 on a 5.0 scale, a C+). The committee also ruled, however, that it wouldn't give a medical-hardship waiver on Wilson's 1977 injury.

At Stoner's request, Ferguson appealed the medical-hardship decision to the full body of faculty representatives. They not only reaffirmed that Wilson had only one year of eligibility left but also that instead of using it up in 1980, Wilson would have to acquire senior status (a minimum of 78 credit hours) and couldn't play until 1981—thus "helping" him get closer to his degree before playing.

A stunned Wilson was informed of the decision by Stoner. It isn't clear whether it was Wilson or Stoner who broached the idea of getting a lawyer to fight the eligibility decision. But in any event, on Aug. 19 of last year, Wilson, represented by Auler, filed a request for an injunction against the NCAA and Big Ten decisions on his eligibility, citing deprivation of equal protection against the former, and failure of due process and disregard for conference rules against the latter. Stoner says he made it clear to Wilson that if the matter went to court, Wilson was on his own and Illinois would be no party to the litigation. The Big Ten is of the firm opinion that Illinois was behind the suit. Says Stoner, "They don't believe us. I don't know why. They have chosen to ignore the truth."

The Big Ten dug in its heels, trying to prevent Wilson from playing last fall. But the Champaign County Circuit Court granted the injunction, the Illinois Fourth District Court of Appeals and the State Supreme Court kept the injunction alive, and Wilson kept throwing—although until late in the season he was usually uncertain whether he would be able to play on a given Saturday.

Now came the matter of The Phony Transcript. Those words strike terror in the hearts of college administrators after the abuses of academic record-keeping in the Pac-10 that came to light in 1979-80. It seems that when Wilson's petition for a waiver of the

academic progress rule was filed a year ago, in the space for high school grade average, the figure 2.67 was inserted. Then, although it wasn't required, academic adviser Terry Cole asked Ferguson about attaching the high school transcript Illinois had received from Katella. Said Ferguson, "Why not?" Cole explains, "We did it because we were trying to be thorough and we had nothing to hide."

Alas, the transcript wasn't of David C. Wilson, quarterback at Fullerton, but of David B. Wilson, wide receiver at the same school. Both athletes not only went to Fullerton but also had attended Katella High. David C. had a seven-semester high school average of 2.11, counting all but the final term of his senior year (but only 1.81 for six semesters from 10th through 12th grades); David B. had a 2.67. David B. says he was asked by Katella for permission to send his transcript to Illinois. "I told them they had the wrong one," he says. "I don't know myself if they sent it anyway, but it sure looks like it." It sure does—but there is no evidence of any ulterior motive.

After all, David B.'s high school grades weren't markedly better than David C.'s. In fact, Patricia E. Askwew, an admissions official at Illinois, says Quarterback Wilson, in terms of the nature of courses taken, may have been better prepared for college than Wide Receiver Wilson. Says Auler, "Why put in a less favorable transcript to deceive someone?" Askwew points out that Quarterback Wilson enrolled in 31 courses of college-preparatory merit in high school and took 199 hours altogether, while Wide Receiver Wilson enrolled in 22 such courses and earned 175 hours. Ultimately, when the transcript error was discovered and the proper one arrived at Illinois, it somehow didn't get to the Big Ten faculty reps for approximately three weeks. The faculty reps must have felt they were getting a fast shuffle. And this is the only serious infraction Illinois seems guilty of, ineptitude. Says Cribbet, "Nobody can put up with cheating. We didn't cheat. We may have lacked good procedures, but we didn't lack good faith."

The fact is, Illinois doesn't require a high school transcript for the acceptance of an incoming junior college transfer, choosing instead to rely entirely on his J.C. achievement. Nor did it make any difference to the faculty representatives, their protestations now notwithstanding, whether Wilson had a 2.67 high school average or 2.11. The magic figure is 2.0. It seems to weaken the entire Big Ten position when the conference insists on saying, as it does, that Wilson had a 1.81 high school average in his final six semesters at Katella when they know that Illinois always includes the two ninth-grade semesters in analyzing an application. With them, the correct figure is 2.11.

But, triggered by The Phony Transcript, the Big Ten launched an all-out attack on Illinois, and on April 27 of this year accused it of deliberately submitting the inaccurate transcript, failing to deal in good faith in the matter of the lawsuit and being "in violation of conference rules and principles." Five days later the Big Ten lowered the boom on Illinois.

Big Ten attorney Gregory says the central issue is "What responsibilities does a member have to a



Coach White raised some hackles when he recruited Wilson

continued



Westworth, with Duke (left) and Illinois' Kenberry and Chubbet, announces a delay of sanctions

voluntary association?" Commissioner Duke answers, "Being a member of a voluntary group means you voluntarily observe club rules." Another Big Ten official says, "Illinois should have sat Wilson down and said, 'Son, the Big Ten says you're not eligible. Now, you work hard, get your grades in order and maybe you will be. But now you aren't and that's final.'" In any event, you probably don't sue, and although Illinois didn't, Wilson did.

With their sanctions, the faculty representatives have backed Illinois into a corner, seemingly providing no alternative to accepting the punishment other than leaving the conference. "The principle of the truth underlies the whole thing," says Stoner. "We're telling the truth. And we cannot accept sanctions for telling the truth."

But for Illinois, the school of Red Grange, to leave the Big Ten seems almost unthinkable. It belongs there, geographically and in terms of academic philosophy. Illinois is one of the finest universities in the nation, private or public (four of its graduate programs are regarded as being among the top five in the U.S.). Thus, Illinois is late at the faculty representatives' charge that "the ultimate solution to these problems must be found in a renewed dedication by the University to Conference principles which place academic standards ahead of athletic interests."

While the Big Ten appears to be high-handed in this instance, Illinois is not without fault. The transcript mess was in-

excusable. And Illinois' manners haven't been the best. Indeed, at one court hearing last September, an exasperated lawyer for the University of Illinois Athletic Association, George Miller, referred to the Big Ten and its officials as "self-righteous hypocrites." Which isn't the kind of statement that makes for a conciliatory mood in either the courtroom or the groves of academe.

The focus of the controversy, David Wilson, is a youngster who bought the theory that attendance at college is merely another requirement toward a career in professional sports. Which leads to some questions: How good a quarterback is he? Has his single-minded pursuit of a career in sports been a delusion, or has it just been a star-crossed trip down the same road traveled by many other athletes, a trip that might yet result in a fat NFL contract? Gil Brandt, vice-president for personnel development for the Dallas Cowboys, says, "It's hard to evaluate a quarterback who plays for four years in college. After only one year, it's mighty hard. Wilson has the physical talents but he has to learn how to read defenses and make adjustments, and you don't learn that watching films and looking at blackboards." Mike White, who has a genius for developing passers (Jim Plunkett and Mike Boryla at Stanford, and Craig Morton, Steve Barikowski and the late Joe Roth at Cal), says, "What makes Wilson so good is what he sees before the ball is snapped and then how he evaluates as he is dropping back to throw. He has all those quarterback intangibles, including

unbelievable temperament. I don't see how he got through last year." He not only got through but he also was 10th in the Heisman Trophy voting.

In any case, the entire matter must be settled by Sept. 1. Is there any common ground for negotiation? There may be. There may not. One Big Ten faculty rep, Frank Remington of Wisconsin, said in an interview in the *Wisconsin State Journal*, "The University of Illinois merited what it now claims is harsh treatment." It would seem that if justice is to prevail, the faculty representatives must control their egos, the rest of the Big Ten athletic officials must ease away from their hard-line stance, and Illinois must calm down and be reasonable.

A perfect example of the Illinois hysteria is a letter from a Decatur lawyer to Wayne Duke: "It is preposterous to me that the Ohio State players can year after year be paid high salaries to point fences, that [certain coaches at] other schools can physically abuse and assault game officials and photographers, destroy field equipment and take swings at opposing players, all without any sanctions imposed against the schools."

The practical thing for Illinois to do now would be to concede that Wilson has used the one year of eligibility it was generally agreed he had. Never mind that the J.C. medical redshirt rule doesn't really exist; never mind that Wilson clearly is making reasonable academic progress. If Wilson went along, as well he might, then the Big Ten could more or less gracefully reduce the punishment, perhaps putting Illinois on administrative probation for two years, in which school officials would have to give a thorough accounting of Illinois' athletic procedures and demonstrate that there is adequate faculty control. The rest of the football players thus wouldn't be penalized, not to mention the 230 male Illinois athletes in 11 other varsity sports. The financial penalties should be drastically reduced or dropped.

In any event, Wilson could be chosen in the NFL supplemental draft in early July. Meanwhile he is taking an upbeat stance: "I always wanted to play football at a big school and get a chance to play in the NFL," he says. "So all my dreams are coming true so far, and when that's happening, you're having a good life."

Would that the fans were so optimistic, because the most-seen bumper sticker around Champaign is GO NC 9.

END

See how tough it is to be a Congressional leader. Watch the Kemper Open.

Live from Congressional Country Club, May 30-31 on CBS-TV.

The world's top pros will be taking on a course that's hard to beat. It's the challenging Congressional Country Club, just outside Washington, D.C.

John Mahaffey won last year's Kemper Open by carding five under par for the entire event. And that score set a new PGA-tournament record for Congressional. Only two

others in the tourney finished under par.

Now this legendary course, a former site of the U.S. Open and the National PGA Championship, will again be testing the field at the Kemper Open. They'll be shooting for one of the richest purses on the PGA tour.

We hope you'll be following the play on CBS-TV when the Kemper Cavalry—symbol of insurance from the Kemper Group—leads some great golf action your way.



Once you compare Kemper,
you'll ride with us.



Perfect in every way

Cleveland's Len Barker promised only a no-hitter, but he delivered a lot more

Among baseball's beguiling charms is the fact that in a regrettably imperfect world, it's possible for a pitcher in full and glorious command of his skills to throw a perfect game. Of all major team sports, baseball alone acknowledges the category of Perfect Games in its official record book. Only 10 had been pitched in the history of the major leagues until last Friday, when 25-year-old righthander Len Barker of the Cleveland Indians set down 27 consecutive Toronto Blue Jay batters on a drizzly night in Cleveland Stadium. It was the first no-hit, no-walk, no-error, no-nothing game in the majors since Catfish Hunter, then of the Oakland A's, beat the Minnesota Twins on May 8, 1968.



The day after Barker's masterpiece, the fans came flooding

While Barker's perfection was, of course, surprising, his mastery of the Blue Jays in the 3-0 win was not. Toronto was the weakest-hitting club in the major leagues, with a team batting average of .218 and a trail of 21 scoreless innings entering Friday's game. Barker had a 2-1 record and a 1.69 earned run average. And while the Blue Jays were last in the American League East, the revitalized Indians were first.

Cleveland Pitcher Bert Blyleven had himself taken a no-hitter into the ninth inning against Toronto only nine days earlier, before settling for a 4-1, two-hit victory. Last week the Indians' estimable pitching coach, Dave Duncan, told a Cleveland reporter that Blyleven and Barker were the two pitchers on his staff with excellent prospects of throwing no-hitters. When Bonnie Barker brought Duncan's remark to her husband's attention on Thursday evening, he said, "I guess I'll just have to go out and do it."

At 6'4", with a live arm and a fast ball that has been clocked at 96 mph, Barker is well equipped to do it whenever it pleases him. After the departure of Nolan Ryan last season to the National League, Barker became the American

League's preeminent fireballer, leading the AL in strikeouts with 187. Twice last year he flirted with no-hitters en route to a 19-12 record, and he pitched one game without allowing a base on balls, the first time he had done that since turning pro. "He used to throw one out of every five pitches back to the screen," says Indians Manager Dave Garcia. Indeed, three years ago one of his wild pitches nearly made it into Boston's Fenway Park press box.

When Barker arrived at the ball park on Friday, the temperature was on its way down to the mid 40s and a light mist had blown in off Lake Erie. Duncan studied Barker as he loosened up in the bullpen. "He started out slow," Dun-

can says, "but as he went along, his curveball got better and better. It became awesome. It wasn't breaking much, but the rotation was so tight it was almost the perfect curve."

Barker's confidence got a boost on the first play of the game, when Toronto's swift Alfredo Griffin hit a slow roller. Shortstop Tom Verzyer fielded it behind the mound and threw to first for the out. As Barker was retiring Lloyd Moseby and Jorge Bell to end the first inning, Bill Elwell was cursing the miserable weather that night outside his home in Norristown, Pa. Elwell, who is Barker's father-in-law, was trying to listen to the game on the radio. When a rainstorm began to garble the sound on his set, Elwell got into his car and drove around until he found a spot where he could pick up the ball game clearly. As a result he spent part of Friday night at a golf course, bent over in the front seat of the car, listening, spellbound.

In the second inning Cleveland Centerfielder Rick Manning had to run a long way to haul down Damaso Garcia's liner to left-center, but Barker was making the Blue Jays hit the ball at someone virtually every time up. Curiously, he didn't get his first strikeout until the fourth inning. As the game wore on, Barker went to his curveball almost exclusively, throwing just 17 fastballs after the fourth inning. Barker threw only 103 pitches during the game, 74 of them strikes. He struck out 11 batters—all swinging—and didn't go to a single three-ball count. Only eight Toronto batters got as much as a two-ball count. "By the fifth inning his breaking ball was so good we figured that's what we'd pretty much stay with," said Catcher Ron Hassey. "By the ninth inning we decided if there was going to be a base hit, it would have to come off a breaking pitch."

Barker continued to get solid defensive support. Third Baseman Toby Harrah dove into the stands to make a spectacular catch of a Willie Upshaw foul pop in the fifth. Second Baseman Duane Kuiper went to his right to handle Rick Bosetti's short-hop line drive in the sixth, then ranged far to his left to field Griff-

continued



25 YEARS LATER THE BEST MILEAGE CARS IN AMERICA ARE STILL CALLED VOLKSWAGEN



They're called Rabbit Diesel. Estimated 42 mpg. Dasher Wagon. Estimated 36 mpg. Pickup Diesel. Estimated 37 mpg. And Rabbit Convertible (4-seater). Estimated 25 mpg. Each one is the best mileage car in its class. (Use these EPA estimates for comparisons.



Actual mileage varies with speed, trip length, weather.) And, to celebrate 25 years of being Volkswagen in America, our mileage champs and all our other silver anniversary Volkswagens are now at silver anniversary prices.

SILVER ANNIVERSARY VOLKSWAGENS. SILVER ANNIVERSARY PRICES.

Marlboro Lights

The spirit of Marlboro
in a low tar cigarette.



Also available in King Size Filter Top box.

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined
That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

Lights & Lights 100's: 12 mg "tar," 0.9 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette by FTC method. Dec. '79. Box: 12 mg "tar," 0.9 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette by FTC method.

fin's bouncer in the seventh and throw him out in the game's closest play. Even the inclement weather worked to Barker's advantage. "I'm always wetting the ball and rubbing it up to get a better grip," he said. "The mist just gave me more moisture to work with." Not only a perfect game, but a God-given spitter, too.

None of Barker's teammates mentioned the perfect game in progress until Manning told him "to go get it" as they were going out to start the last inning. But Barker was already well aware that something special was happening. "I felt awesome," he said. "I had total command. I could throw anything, anywhere I wanted. After a while they were swinging at everything."

Nevertheless, Barker said, "I was so nervous at the end that I dropped the ball on the mound one time. My stomach was a wreck." Toronto Pitcher Mark Bombardier, watching from the dugout, noticed when Barker dropped the ball and felt the Jays would reach him for a hit. "I thought we had him in the ninth," Bombardier said, "he was so nervous. Then when they flashed the trivia question [on the scoreboard], I was sure he was jinxed." The question, chosen that morning, asked which two teams had never been involved in a no-hitter. The answer: the Blue Jays and the Seattle Mariners.

Bosetti, the first Toronto batter in the sixth, fouled out to Harrah after failing to capitalize on one of Barker's few mistakes. "He hung me one right down the middle," said Bosetti. But he hit that one foul, too. Al Woods, batting for Danny Ainge, fanned on three pitches. Then up stepped Ernie Whitt, a pinch hitter with a .188 average, as the 27th batter. "I was thinking of pointing to centerfield to show where I was going to hit the ball," said Whitt. "I thought it might upset Barker's concentration." Instead, Whitt lofted a fly ball to center that Manning caught for the final out. Perfection.

The Indians had given Barker all the support he needed with a pair of unearned runs in the first inning and Jorge Orta's solo home run in the eighth.

The last no-hitter in the league was thrown by Blyleven on Sept. 22, 1977, when he and the Texas Rangers beat California 6-0. Sitting out in the Rangers' bullpen that night, perhaps contemplating his control problems, was one Leonard Harold Barker II.

Barker was wild in those days in more ways than one. The Rangers' third-round

pick in the 1973 draft, Barker sometimes let his attention wander from baseball. During a stint in the minors, he once did a reported \$7,000 worth of damage to a bar in Pompano Beach, Fla. Got a little upset and picked up the bar. "I didn't take care of myself," says Barker. "I used to go out four or five nights a week, sometimes the night before I pitched. My wife changed all that. And so did the Indians."

When Barker was traded to Cleveland in 1978, the Indians persuaded him to lay off beer, which brought his weight down from 230 to 220 pounds. They also helped him improve his level of concentration. Last year Indians President Gabe Paul said Barker had his mind fully on the game only about 50% of the time when he arrived in Cleveland, but was up to 80% then. "When I see Barker watching a plane going overhead when he's on the mound," said Paul, "I know he's through."

Barker wasn't watching any airplanes on Friday night. His heart did the soaring as he plucked champagne bottles for his teammates from an ice-filled garbage can in the Indians' clubhouse. Later he learned he had won a bonus of \$5,000 from the club. When he got home he found that neighbors had covered his garage with congratulatory posters. He and Bonnie stayed up all night talking about the game. "I can't believe I really did it," Barker said. "It feels like I'm in an airplane 45,000 feet off the ground. I still haven't come down. The feeling I had out there is something I can't explain." It felt, well, you know, perfect. But it wasn't enough to satisfy his 92-year-old grandmother, Mrs. Tokie Lockhart, near Ona, W. Va. "I'm very proud of him," she said. "I hope he does better the next time."

THE WEEK

(Mar. 11-17)

by HERM WEISKOPF

AL EAST

"I owe my life to the Cleveland Indians," said Tim Lincecum, 19, of Chicago. Lincecum suffered a broken nose and lost two teeth when, he says, he and two friends were attacked by three youths near Comiskey Park. At the time, the Indians' bus was on the way to the team hotel after a game. Pitching Coach Dave Duncan spotted the fracas and hollered, "Hurry up, Bussie," Lincecum thought it

was all over," but the Indians came to his rescue. Inside Comiskey, Cleveland (5-2) beat the White Sox twice—3-1 as Bert Blyleven pitched a four-hitter and 4-3 when Jorge Orta homered in the 16th inning. The Tribe downed Toronto twice on Sunday, Rick Watts winning 1-0 and Blyleven 2-1.

The Red Sox (4-3) downed the Blue Jays 7-6 as Rick Miller chipped in with five hits, including a major league record-tying four doubles. It may have been Miller time, but the winning hit was delivered in the ninth by Gary Allenson, who picked up his fifth RBI of the day. The Allenson Wonderland saga ended abruptly, however, when Gary was put on the disabled list after the game because of a torn ligament. Boston pitchers gave up back-to-back homers in three losses.

When asked if he felt his lengthy talk to the Brewers (3-3) at a team meeting had been effective, General Manager Harry Dalton said, "The father of the baby always thinks it's pretty." Dalton's babes then beat the A's three times, 3-0, 6-5 and 6-2.

Tight pitching buoyed the Tigers (4-1), Blue Jays (2-6) and Orioles (5-1). Detroit stopped Seattle 6-2 behind Mike Wilcox's five-hitter and 1-0 as Dan Patey gave up only three hits. Toronto's nifty mound work was begun by Dave Stieb, whose four-hitter stymied Baltimore 5-2. Jackson Todd then beat Cleveland 4-1. Baltimore had three shutouts. Scott McGregory's three-hitter took care of Toronto 4-0. Mike Flanagan's five-hitter stopped the Blue Jays 10-0; and Dave Ford went seven innings in relief of sore-armed Steve Stone for a 7-0 victory in Minnesota. "I don't think I should start anymore," Jim Palmer said after being knocked out in the fifth inning of a 5-2 loss to Toronto. "I can pitch three or four innings fine, but that's all." Palmer, who pitched just four complete games last season, suggested he be put in the bullpen. But Manager Earl Weaver ignored the suggestion, and on Sunday Palmer went 7½ innings to beat the Twins 6-3. Baltimore also benefited from the 20 doubles banged out last week by Oriole batters.

New York (3-2) had some big boppers of its own. Reggie Jackson had seven RBIs; Aurelio Rodriguez homered on his first two swings of the season; and Bobby Murcer's five ribbies on seven hits gave him 10 runs batted in on 13 hits thus far. Reliever Goose Gosage continued to be overpowering, picking up his ninth and 10th saves and first win as he struck out 10 in 5½ innings.

CLEY 18-9 BALT 19-11 NY 16-14 MIL 17-15
BOS 16-16 DET 16-17 TOR 11-24

AL WEST

In 30 starts last season, Rick Honeycutt's Mariner teammates supported him with a scant 65 runs. Understandably, Honeycutt savors the offensive backing he's had since joining the Rangers (2-3), who have scored 34 runs

continued

for him in six starts. The latest outburst on his behalf led to a 9-1 triumph over the Royals and was triggered by Bump Wills, who had three hits in that game and batted .435 for the week. With leftlander Paul Splittorff pitching for Kansas City, Texas Manager Don Zimmer was expected to use Bill Stein, a righthanded batter with a .452 average, at first base in place of Pat Putnam, a slumping lefty swinger who was 6 for 40 against southpaws. Zimmer, though, went with Putnam, who homered in the eighth for a 3-2 victory, the Rangers' seventh straight against southpaws.

Britt Burns of Chicago (1-3) put an end to Texas' mauling of porters, at least temporarily, when he sidetracked the Rangers 9-1. Another lefty, Ross Baumgarten, further cooled off Texas, winning 9-0 on Sunday.

As with Honeycutt, past adversity helps Matt Keough of the division-leading A's (1-5) appreciate current success. Keough, who lost 14 straight games in 1979, was 6-0 after stopping New York 5-4. "When I need to reach back for something extra on my fastball, I remember that streak," Keough says. Aside from that, Oakland's road magic went poof. Since winning their first 11 away games, the A's have lost five of their last six.

Ken Forsch and Geoff Zahn of the Angels (4-2) both beat Milwaukee for their fifth victory. Forsch stopped the Brewers 4-0, and Zahn, who had a 9.45 career ERA against them, pitched a five-hitter and won 9-1.

Minnesota (1-5) was one out from a 3-2, 10-inning loss to Boston when lightning struck twice. Zap! Mickey Hatcher walloped a game-tying home run. Zingo! Roy Smalley homered and the Twins were 4-3 victors.

Kansas City (3-3) pulled out a victory, too, scoring twice in the last of the ninth to upend Texas 3-2. The Royals also administered a double dose of lightning of their own when Hal McRae and Willie Aikens hit back-to-back homers on successive days to beat Boston 7-6 and 5-4.

The only respite for Seattle (1-3) came from a 1-0 win in New York. Shane Rawley went 3½ innings in relief to sew up that victory for Floyd Bannister.

OAK 28-12 TEX 16-14 CH1 17-14 CAL 19-18
SEA 11-22 MIN 11-22 KC 9-18

NL EAST A principal reason the Cardinals were fourth last season was their knack for letting runners "die" on base. Last week St. Louis (4-2) clung to first place largely because a bit of "suicide" breathed new life into the offense and because George Hendrick kept resuscitating the attack with his hefty hitting. With slow-footed Gene Tenace on third and one out in the top of the 10th, Tommy Herr dropped a daring suicide-squeeze bunt that caught the Astros off guard and beat them 3-2. Two days later the Cardinals looked like goners when they trailed 6-1 in Houston. But

with Hendrick doubling twice and getting four RBIs, St. Louis scored two runs in the eighth and four in the ninth and won 7-6.

The Expos (1-5) and Pirates (1-5) looked as if they had played in minefields rather than on ball fields. Montreal's injury list: Ellis Valenzuela (pulled hamstring), Tim Lincecum (jammed pinkie), Rowland Office (hairline fracture of the left ankle), Larry Parrish (sore wrist), Jerry Manuel (knee surgery). Six days after not hitting the Giants, Charlie Lea muzzled them 5-0 on four singles.

Pittsburgh's casualty list: Dave Parker (tom Achilles tendon), Bill Madlock (bruised ribs), Don Robinson (bad shoulder), Rick Rhoden (sore elbow), Bill Robinson and John Candelaria (both out until at least July, the former following an operation on his Achilles tendon, the latter with a tear in his left biceps). Reliever Kent Tekulve was healthy, but for the season had a feverish 5.79 ERA and a 4-2 record with nary a save. Uncharacteristically weak at home, the Pirates lost three straight at Three Rivers, making them 2-8 there. Pittsburgh's only win came 7-5 in Atlanta when Tony Pena singled in the 13th.

Luck helped the Phillies (3-3) win twice despite stranding 61 runners in six games. First, the swirling winds at Candlestick made

PLAYER OF THE WEEK

LEN BARKER: The 6' 4", 220-pound Cleveland righthander pitched the first perfect game in the majors in 13 years, beating Toronto 3-0. He struck out 11 Blue Jays and lowered his ERA to a league-leading 1.32.

Larry Bowa's routine fly a tough chance, and the ball skittered off Centerfielder Bill North's glove for a two-run error and 3-1 Phillies victory. And Steve Carlton ran his record to 7-0 by stopping San Diego 2-1 with the aid of some good fortune. A ninth-inning double with one on by Barry Evans of the Padres ricocheted off a bullpen bench directly to Leftfielder Gary Matthews, who relayed to Third Baseman Mike Schmidt, who pegged the ball home to beat the runner.

Starting pitchers posted an average of less than four innings for New York (5-6) and slightly less than five for Chicago (10-6). Other woes: The Mets hit .205 and committed 10 errors; the Cubs hit .165 and made eight.

STL 19-9 PHIL 21-13 MONT 18-15
PIT 12-18 NY 8-22 CH1 5-25

NL WEST When Mount St. Helens and blew its top, the Padres (4-2) were impressed. "It's been different around here," Catcher Terry Kennedy said of the atmosphere on the club after 6' 8", 270-pound Manager Frank Howard erupted in the clubhouse after a game in which Pitcher Steve Mura objected to being yanked for a

pinch hitter. Fired up by Howard's closed-door tirade, the Padres hit .315 in the next five games. Juan Eichleberger, who usually needs a map, compass and radar to find home plate, didn't issue a walk while beating the Mets 3-0 for his first big league shutout. Chris Welsh also earned his first shutout, getting 18 outs on grounders as he stopped New York 5-0. A five-run eighth knocked off the Mets again, 10-6, and Kennedy singled in the ninth to finish the Phils 2-1.

Western teams were at home for 33 of 36 interdivisional games, matchups in which the Easterners won just nine times. First-place Los Angeles (6-0) kept winging along. Ron Cey's two-out, two-run homer in the ninth beat Montreal 8-6 and his single in the ninth decked New York 6-5. For the week, Cey batted .462, slugged five home runs and had 12 RBIs. Fernando Valenzuela showed signs of being a mere mortal, giving up his first two homers of the season, in a single game. But when Pedro Guerrero homered in the bottom of the ninth, Valenzuela, who allowed but one other hit, had a 3-2 victory. Overshadowed by Valenzuela's 8-0 record and 0.50 ERA were Steve Howe and Burt Hooton. Howie paced his ERA to 0.53 as he got two wins and a save. And Hooton was 5-0 after blanking Montreal 5-0 with Howe's help and getting the route to shut out New York 9-0.

Another Howe-Houston's Art—batted .481, and Craig Reynolds, normally a binjo batter, drummed an unaccustomed tune as he tied a major league record with three triples in one game: The Astros (5-2) had dazzling pitching, too. Don Sutton defeated St. Louis 3-0, Joe Niekro beat Chicago 5-0, and Nolan Ryan won twice, 5-0 over Cincinnati and 6-1 over Chicago.

Cincinnati (6-1) also had a hot hitter (George Foster, .385) and fine pitching. Mario Soto's 10-strikeout, five-hit effort disposed of Chicago 2-1, and Mike LaCoss whitewashed Pittsburgh 4-0 on five hits and 15 ground outs. LaCoss, who had allowed 14 earned runs in his previous 19 innings, used a new grip for his sinkerball on the advice, given him five minutes before game time, of Pitching Coach Bill Fischer.

Despite a barn buster on his right index finger, Phil Niekro of the Braves (3-3) held the Pirates to two hits and won 2-0. Bruce Benedict's single in the 10th stopped Pittsburgh 3-2, and his three RBIs helped knock off St. Louis 11-3.

Giant Manager Frank Robinson was surprised to learn that Larry Herndon, who was hitting .361, had been only 1 for 15 against Montreal's Steve Rogers last season. So Robinson benched his leading hitter and put seldom-used Jerry Martin in leftfield. Score one for the stat man. Martin tripled and homered as San Francisco (4-2) won 4-2.

LA 26-9 CIN 20-14 ATL 18-16
SF 19-19 HOUS 18-18 SD 14-22



BLACK AND DECKER PRESENTS

SANTA'S OFF-SEASON GIVEAWAY!

Just look what he's giving.



BUY A DELUXE DUAL HEIGHT WORKMATE® #79-001 AND SANTA WILL GIVE YOU FREE YOUR CHOICE OF A DUSTBUSTER CORDLESS VAC OR THE 3/8" VARIABLE SPEED REVERSING DRILL #7127

- Get a dated sales receipt with your purchase.
- Fill out owner registration card in WORKMATE® carton.



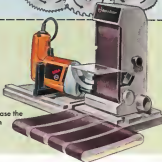
BUY A 7 1/4" CIRCULAR SAW #7390, #7308, #7356 OR #7392 AND SANTA WILL GIVE YOU 3 FREE BLADES.

- Get a dated sales receipt with your purchase.
- Include as proof of purchase the model number of circular saw cut from carton.



BUY A SHARP'N SAND #74-495 AND SANTA WILL GIVE YOU A FREE SHARP'N SAND BASE OR 4 SANDING BELTS.

- Get a dated sales receipt with your purchase.
- Include as proof of purchase the picture from end of carton of ox being sharpened. (Drill not included.)



WORKMATE® OFFER

Check which product you want to be sent to you.

- ☐ FREE Dustbuster Cordless Vac
☐ FREE 3/8" Variable Speed Reversing Drill

Name _____ Phone _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

Send the following items in an envelope: This completed coupon, dated sales receipt and owner registration card.

CIRCULAR SAW OFFER

Name _____ Phone _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

Send the following items in an envelope: This completed coupon, dated sales receipt and model number cut from carton.

SHARP'N SAND OFFER

Check which product you want to be sent to you.

- ☐ FREE Sharp'n Sand Base
☐ FREE 4 Sanding Belts

Name _____ Phone _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

Send the following items in an envelope: This completed coupon, dated sales receipt, picture of ox being sharpened.

Offer good only on products purchased between April 1, 1981, and June 30, 1981. Mail your request before July 31, 1981, to:

Santa's Off-Season Giveaway
Black & Decker
P.O. Box 58700
Raleigh, North Carolina 27658

Please allow 6-8 weeks to process your request. Request cannot be returned.

 **Black & Decker.**

You can never tell about a player like Fuzzy Zoeller. He had been among the missing since winning the 1979 Masters and there was nothing in his resumé for 1981 to indicate he was ready to win the Colonial National Invitation, one of the oldest and best tournaments in PGA-dom. A particularly strong field showed up last week on the Fort Worth course where Ben Hogan learned how to fix up his game for U.S. Opens. In 13 starts this year, Zoeller, though still smiling and cracking jokes, had banked only \$14,123. But right there on "Hogan's Alley," Zoeller one-ironed the famed old Colonial Country Club into submission and closed out the Texas Tour with a four-stroke victory over Hale Irwin. On holes where Hogan once used a driver and a seven-iron, Zoeller wielded a one-iron and a wedge. And so, all of a sudden there he was again, as unpredictable as the weather.

On the Texas Tour, which consists of the Houston Open, the Byron Nelson Classic in Dallas and the Colonial, all in a row, the weather can be wicked; the three events are scheduled at the height of the ever-unpopular tornado season. This time the Houston event was shortened to 54 holes after rain turned the Woodlands course into a gulf of the Gulf of Mexico, and Ron Streck won the tournament on the telephone. He was called at 7:20 a.m. on Monday, after a Sunday washout, and told that he, as the 54-hole leader, was the winner because the course was unplayable. In Dallas no round of play was lost, but there was one two-hour delay because of rain, and on Friday morning tragedy struck when a heavy limb snapped off a tree and fell into a group of spectators, killing one man.

On the second day of the Colonial, thunder, lightning and rain interrupted play. The round was completed on Saturday, and at the end of the day Zoeller had a one-under 69 to go with the 67 he had shot on Thursday, which put him



It was clear to Fuzzy

The way to victory in the Colonial, that is, if not the future nature of the tour

in the lead, one stroke ahead of Irwin.

The Friday cancellation meant 36 holes on Sunday to fill the TV commitment. To get both rounds in, the field was sent off at 7 a.m. Zoeller got to the course at a quarter after six. "I know I'll need to shave again before the day's over," he said.

Zoeller fired a 68 for the morning 18 to increase his lead to three strokes. By this time it was clear that he was in a

straight-driving mood and that his putter was saving pars for him on the four-footers and six-footers. On four of Colonial's par-4 holes, which leap ponds and dogleg around pecans and oaks, Zoeller teed off with his trusty one-iron, a club with which he can usually outdrive Irwin. As Irwin said, "When I catch my driver and Fuzzy catches his one-iron, I can get within 30 yards of him."

In the final round Sunday afternoon, the man who got closest to Zoeller was Raymond Floyd, who birdied four of the first seven holes and was suddenly tied for the lead because Zoeller had made a couple of bogeys. Then Floyd went bogey, double bogey. Irwin, Curtis Strange and Scott Simpson were all within one shot of Zoeller going to the 12th, but this was where Fuzzy put an eight-iron within 10 inches of the cup for a birdie. After another birdie at 14, he was home free. His final round was an even-par 70 and his 72-hole total was a six-under 274.

When the touring pros weren't discussing tornado alerts and Zoeller's tee shots, they were pondering the future of the tour itself. They were talking about ways to make it better, which to most of them translates to mean shorter, richer and more exclusive.

To some of them, however, change threatens trouble, even ruin. They don't see what's wrong with the tour as it is and has been for all these profitable years.

"What we don't seem to be able to do," said Dave Eichelberger, pounding on a bar counter, "is leave the damn thing alone!"

A majority of the pros quietly agree with Eichelberger; at least most of those among the top 100 or so do. The tour is a good deal for them financially. They can make themselves a nice living by playing in as many of the 44 tournaments as they wish each year. And so what if only a couple of them ever become a Jack Nicklaus or Tom Watson? There's always a chance to be among the top 60 money winners.

continued

STANDARD SOURCES NOW IN PAPERBACK:

THE HISTORY OF IMPRESSIONISM

By John Rewald.

The long-awaited paperback of the bestselling standard work on impressionism, identical in content and format to the cloth edition. "An indispensable source-book."—*London Times*. 623 illus. (82 in color) 672 pp. 9 x 10 The Museum of Modern Art. Paper \$19.95 (Cloth \$40.00)

**ALFRED STIEGLITZ AND THE AMERICAN AVANT-GARDE**

By William Innes Homer.

"Will serve as a standard reference, a key source for any discussion of Stieglitz and his role in the emergence of the avant-garde in America."—*New York Times*. 135 illus. 352 pp. 7 x 10 Paper \$9.95 (Cloth \$17.50)

**TRANSFORMATIONS IN MODERN ARCHITECTURE**

By Arthur Drexler.

A copiously illustrated review of the past two decades of "post-modern" architecture, "this volume stands out as an excellent approach with which to begin to explore the field."—*Library Journal*. 373 illus. (8 in color on double gatefold jacket) 168 pp. 9 x 11½ The Museum of Modern Art. Paper \$14.95

**A VISUAL DICTIONARY OF ART**

Edited by Ann Hill.

"Warmly to be recommended to every busy lover of art... in its wealth of illustrations, the volume towers high above similar reference works."—*American Artist*. Over 2,000 illus. (250 in color) 640 pp. 7½ x 10½ Paper \$14.95



More Pictures Perfect from

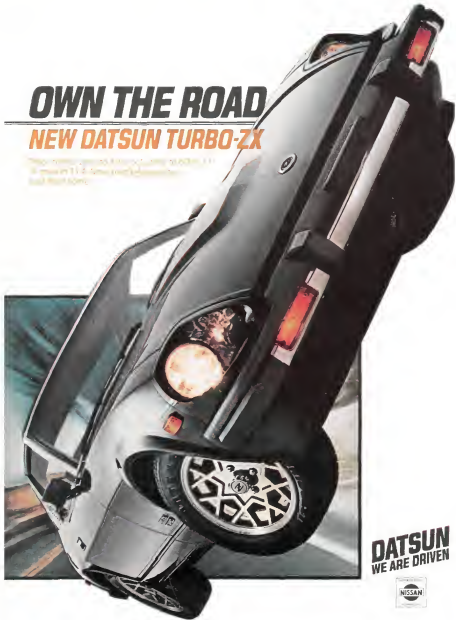
**NEW YORK
GRAPHIC
SOCIETY**

 34 Beacon Street
 Boston, Mass. 02108

OWN THE ROAD

NEW DATSUN TURBO-ZX

2000 cc turbocharged engine, 160 hp, 0-60 mph in 11.2 sec. (est.)
Fuel economy: 24 city/34 hwy/21 combined mpg (est.)



DATSUN
WE ARE DRIVEN



and thus exempt from qualifying for a year. And the others can still make the payments on the condos and the cars one way or another. If a golfer isn't talented enough to make it, he might consider trying his luck at plumbing or electrical contracting. So goes the popular theory.

PGA Tour Commissioner Deane Beman feels he must take a broader view of things. In order to increase the prize money at tournaments, Beman needs television revenue, and he can't sell tournaments in the fall to TV because of football. Thus, he thinks a shorter season, ending in early September, makes sense.

The commissioner also worries a great deal about TV ratings, which were off but have improved this year. This bothers him more than it does the players, who refuse to believe their sport is losing any popularity because they see huge crowds at stops like the Colonial and get attention everywhere they travel.

In one form or another, a proposal for two tours has been sitting around on the commissioner's desk for several years. One idea was to have a major and a minor tour with the top players competing in about 15 upper-tier events plus the major championships, and everyone else—the "blue collar group"—competing in all those Pensacolas and Tucson. Nobody liked this notion. The players didn't want to make any tournament sponsor feel second-rate, even though they may not have wanted to be in his tournament.

The latest idea to be vetoed by the pros was the commissioner's scheme for a split tour, in which there would be two separate but equal divisions of stars—an American Division and a National Division, perhaps. Beman saw it as far from a perfect solution to overcrowded fields, schedule-making problems, burdensome qualifying procedures, etc., but he wanted to know how players felt about it. At Houston they told him. Not good.

In the two divisions there would have been 18 tournaments each, not counting the four majors (the Masters, U.S. Open, British Open and PGA) plus the WGC, Tournament of Champions and World Series of Golf. Those seven special events would be open to whoever qualified for them.

If a Floyd or an Irwin or a Hubert Green, say, were assigned to the American Division, he might find himself playing in the Bob Hope but not the Crosby,

in San Diego but not L.A., at Doral but not Inverrary, at Dallas but not Fort Worth, at Westchester but not Philadelphia and so on. The thinking was that no player would compete in the same division more than three years in a row. There was also some talk about letting the few players with lifetime exemptions—Jack Nicklaus, for instance—who have the right to play anywhere they choose, to hop from division to division.

The plan was hooted down for one basic reason—the millionaires didn't want to be told where they could go after having spent so long going where they pleased. If Tom Weiskopf didn't want to be told he couldn't play at Hilton Head and Colonial every year, no one could blame him for it.

For now, the two-tour plan is shelved, if not dead. But the Gary McCord Plan is very much alive. McCord is a tour player of somewhat less stature, despite his charm, than Watson. But McCord fervently believes that golf should change its staid image and become more entertaining. He also believes in an all-exempt tour, and most of the players, young and



Most players think McCord's scheme is a gas



Beman's proposal put-putted and went pff

old, rich or not, tend to agree with him. An all-exempt tour would eliminate Monday qualifying from the lives of all the "rabbits" trying to make it week to week, save money for the tour and the players, and it certainly would make the tour more exclusive.

The McCord Plan would provide a year's exempt status for, say, the best 170 players in terms of money won. After one year the bottom 30 would be dropped, and another 30 added from a qualifying school after a 144-hole competition among the discarded 30 and a host of other aspirants.

"We may have legal problems with this," said Sneed last week. "But I think the exempt tour is coming."

Like Sneed, Irwin is a member of the PGA Tour's policy board. Said Irwin, "The exempt tour will be a fact by 1983, I think. Everybody seems to be in favor of it, just like everyone is in favor of a split tour. I believe one thing: No matter how many rules you change, nothing is going to keep the really talented golfer off the tour. He'll play his way on."

Fuzzy Zoeller had been one of those they couldn't keep off the tour, and now he's back on it again, but good.





Get Out Of the Way, Here Comes A.J.

When push comes to shove, at his ranch in Texas or on a racetrack anywhere in the world, A.J. Foyt bulldozes to the fore

by Bob Ottum

We shall proceed with the story of the World's Greatest Race Driver in a moment. But first, these anecdotes to set the proper mood:

The car comes smoking into the pits at the Indianapolis Motor Speedway and slams to a stop. Its driver is yelling angrily even before he tugs off his crash helmet and yanks away the red bandanna covering his nose and mouth. He throws off his safety harness and climbs out, shouting at the men in his pit crew, chewing them out, with gestures. They listen, slack-jawed, and then, when he stalks off, their heads swing to watch him. Darkest gloom falls over the scene. Will somebody please say something appropriate?

"Well," sighs Anthony Joseph Foyt Sr., the driver's father and crew chief at the time, "getting too close to A.J. when things are going bad is about like trying to dance with a chain saw."

The race car flickers through the back straightaway at 170-plus mph when suddenly something snaps. The car veers sickeningly and slashes along the concrete wall. Half of the car is reduced to flying pieces of metal and fiber glass. A few minutes later A.J. Foyt lies fidgeting on a cot in the infield track hospital while doctors work on him. "Aw, hurry up, you guys," he growls. "I got to get back to my garage

continued



Thoroughbreds three: Foyt and two of the horses he hopes will make him a leading breeder-trainer.

A.J. Foyt

continued

and get me another car." One of the doctors later points out that such shattering crack-ups quite often do more damage to a driver's psyche than to his body; yet, the doc says, "We checked Foyt's blood pressure, and so help me, it was lower than normal. He has absolutely no nerves at all."

"He's obsessed with winning," friends say. "He's driven by obsession."

This delights Foyt. "Ob-essed? Who, me? Listen. I'm not driven by no obsession; any driving to be done around here, ol' A.J. is going to do it. Obsession is going to have to get a car of his own."

A.J. has been accused of fighting in the pits. It's said he vaulted out of his sprint car after a race at Williams Grove, Pa. and attacked another driver, who, A.J. said, cut him off. Foyt faces a possible USAC fine and suspension, and at the hearing held by USAC he conducts his own defense. "I didn't hit him," Foyt says. "Oh, I had him around the head

pretty good, but I didn't hit him." Foyt's chief character witness is Roger McCluskey, a fellow-driver (who has since become the USAC official in charge of screening new drivers). McCluskey testifies earnestly that "A.J. didn't hit him. If he'd hit him, he would've torn his head off."

Case dismissed.

This is the veteran Foyt assessing a rookie sensation: "I warned him four times about chopping me off in the corners. It's dangerous as hell for both of us. But, well, if he's brave enough to sit there and do that, then I'm brave enough to sit there right alongside him. If we get into trouble we'll both skin the same way—and he damn well won't heal no faster."

Which brings us, as promised, to the story of the World's Greatest Race Driver. There was a special reason for starting with the anecdotes, all of which date back a few years, as we are about to see.

There's so much image-polishing going on these days, such a steady buffing of personality to a high gloss for television and media display that it's a definite comfort to note here, for the rec-



ored, that the World's Greatest Race Driver hasn't changed. Only a few numbers have been altered. He's 46 years old now and several pounds heavier than he was in the glory days of the '60s. But he's not changed, not really. While many athletes have become modishly laid-back, blow-drying their psyches to match the times, Anthony Joseph Foyt Jr. remains a constant, if being unstintingly mercurial can be said to be a constant. He was sweet and sour, fiercely competitive and sometimes ornery then, and he's sweet and sour, fiercely competitive and sometimes ornery now.

Foyt remains true unto himself. He's roughly as unquotable now as he was then. It isn't that his voice has a threatening quality; in fact, it has a pleasant sound, a gentle, almost soft drawl. It's just that Foyt speaks a special racing language that can be described as creatively salty and that he tones down only in the presence of women or preachers or Rotarians. He recognizes that he's part of the national subconscious—years ago, all other drivers were compared to Barney Oldfield; now A.J. is the bench mark—and he understands one more important thing. It's strictly intuitive and hard for him to explain.

It's this: A.J. has earned all of this.

Here's how he has done it: No man has ever driven race cars better or more consistently; no one now driving has ever risked more in as impressive a variety of cars and perilous situations, taking himself to the far edge time after time. For years Foyt has driven at a scary, talented point somewhere beyond luck, mere luck would have run out years ago.

So you do it all, year after year, frighten them and entertain them, and there comes a moment in this deadly game when you and the audience are even; you're square at last. You've provided the thrills at great risk, and they've given you adulation. It's at this juncture that you get to snap and growl and bite off a head now and then.

And you also get to lean back and muse, as Foyt did on a bright Texas morning a few weeks ago when he sat in his office and said, "You know, I'm a lot closer to quitting than people say. I don't know when—but the day I quit I'll flat quit. I'll get up out of that car and say, 'You just seen ol' A.J. run his last race,' and I'll walk away. That'll be it. Oh, I don't know. Racing just ain't the same anymore. I don't mean the equipment so much; I mean, remember when we

used to go racin'? Just jump in the car and run? Well, you can't do that anymore; they got too many rules now. Lord, in those old days, if you was better than the other guy, that is, if you was a good driver and also worked hard on your car, well, then you'd win, see? But now? Now they modify the rules. You could be running 200-and-something miles an hour and they [the officials] will make us back off to where the slow guys can keep up. That brings the pack closer together, all right, and then cars run in a bunch, all right, and it looks exciting to the fans. But the thing is, some of them younger guys don't know how to do it, which makes it dangerous. So that's about the way racing's going these days. *continued*



A.J.'s new car was built in the company of many of its predecessors at his Houston race shop but came to life at Indy with a 196.078-mph run.



Foyt helps grandniece Larry Munier a two-wheeler (plus two).

and I'm kind of losing interest." Foyt pauses and scowls. "No, that's not it entirely. Maybe it's also that my interests are changing."

Wait a minute. What's this? Can it be an attack of mellowness, for heaven's sake, some new facet of Foyt emerging in his 47th year? He remains reflective for the moment. "I don't know," he says, "but if I was to fall over dead here talking to you, it's been a good life-style and I wouldn't change it."

Now that's more like it. Foyt carries his racing senior citizenship well. For one thing, all the physical promises of his youth have finally been delivered. His body has thickened, as it seemed it would—not to fat, but to a broadening through the rib cage, shoulders and neck. Foyt has grown bulky and bull-like. In his days as a young charger, say in the late '50s and early '60s, he actually had to work at projecting a hard look by thrusting his jaw out pugnaciously. Well, that's no longer necessary. The jawline has now firmed into place in that determined outcrop, and straight-on or in profile, there's no mistaking its meaning or intent. Foyt's face was once dotted with sherry, dime-size burn scars from a 1966 smashup, but now they've dulled to the point where they show only in strong sunlight. Most publicity handouts list Foyt at 5'11" and 200 pounds, but he's obviously carrying more weight than that, and if you want to know exactly how much, you go ask him.

Foyt is one of the few folks who can

truly be said to flash a smile—a description too often used inaccurately. Foyt's smile doesn't spread across his face; he grins in a quick burst, all at once, flashing strong and white teeth. It's one of the gestures he has learned to use to great effect—like of Frank Merriwell in *Tip Top Weekly*: "Frank continued to laugh, and it had been said at Yale that he was most dangerous in an encounter when he laughed." But Foyt's smile is more disarming than dangerous.

It is June 1967, and on the sun-dappled terrace of the Hotel Ricordeau, a Michelin two-star restaurant just outside Le Mans, Foyt is staring in shock at trout *meunière*, served in the traditional French manner. He grins ferociously at the waiter and says, "Uh, what the hell is this, fella? I mean, this here fish has still got its head on, and I ain't going to eat no fish laying there looking so damn sorrowful at me every time I take a bite of him."

Same country, a few days later. Foyt and Don Gurney have just won the 24 Hours of Le Mans, the first Americans ever to do so. They shared the driving, wrestling a burly Ford sports car around the tricky 8.36-mile course for a record 3,249.6 miles at an average speed of 135.48 mph.

Le Mans is, of course, the pride of all Europe and the granddaddy of all tough road-racing courses, and Foyt is still full of the kick of what he and Gurney have pulled off, taking a fine, savage joy in it. He leans over and confides to friends, "Why, hell-fire, Lee-Mans? Listen here," and he flashes that marvelous grin. "It ain't nothin' but a little old country road. We got a lot just like it back in Texas."

Foyt is sitting in his office in Houston, still strangely mellow, as he looks back at his life and fast times. "Once," he says, "all I lived for was racing. And I know I used to take real bad chances now and then, but I don't anymore. Uh, uh, I've been in that old crash house too many times. Listen, now I've got a right knee-

cap that pops out all the damn time—I can just be standing here or walking along real easy and floop! there it goes—and it hurts me all the time." He scowls at the offending knee. "I'm going to try and make it through this season and, I guess, have it repaired next winter. But..."

He pauses, thinking about the surgery on the knee. He hates the thought. "Listen," he says, "I been in crashes, in bad crashes. I've been busted up and burned and twisted all around, and somehow I can take it. I can handle the pain. But..."

The Day A. J. Sweat Bullets

In 1961, as I recall, nonconformity wasn't encouraged. Not, at least, among well-to-do San Francisco howevers such as myself. We tended to be unemployed, help organize charity balls, go to the opera, mix early-evening martinis. One of the things we didn't do—or so I found out one fine spring day—was learn to drive V-12 Ferrari sports coupes.

"You'll kill yourself!" admonished a neighbor, ashen-faced, as the car and I lurched up our driveway. "Maybe so," I replied, a bit hysterically. The day before, recklessly gratifying an urge, my husband and I had plunked down the astounding (remember, it was 1964) sum of \$9,000 for a used 1959 Ferrari 250-GT. "A work of art," said the old owner as he signed the pink slip. "You've gone around the bend," said a fellow sports-car buff, watching us polish our new possession.

Unfortunately, both seemed to have a point. The two-seater Ferrari did look marvelous, a swoopy low-slung ballet among blocky Cadillacs and Buicks. Driving it solely through the streets was anything but marvelous. The Ferrari had 240 hp, started with a thrifty four and had a finicky Latin gearbox that proved impossible to master. "Ease the clutch in slowly," said my husband, teeth gritted, as he attempted to teach me how to accelerate from zero to 15. "This car doesn't do anything slowly," I wailed as I either (1) stalled the engine or (2) sent us bucking wildly down the street, not unlike the prancing horse insignia emblazoned on its grille.

What I clearly needed was more advanced

he holds up his right index finger, "but you know what *really* scares me? It's that part where you're in the hospital and they come in and prick your finger for the blood test."

A crash story. A.J. was running full bore, barreling along, belly to the ground, when the brakes went bloody. Directly in front of him were Marvin Panch and Junior Johnson, and to avoid wiping them out, Foyt made the heroic move that sooner or later all drivers face. He took his stock

car off the track and into the embankment. Unhappily, it went up and over. And over. And over.

That happened on Jan. 17, 1965 at the Riverside (Calif.) 500. In the hospital he remained typically stoic. "My insides is bent out of shape," he said, "with pieces all here and there. But I'll make it."

Several weeks later Foyt was asked how badly he'd been hurt. "I was hurt so bad," he quipped to the AP, "that I couldn't enjoy the nurses."

Biam? There's the grin.

instruction. But from where? The local driving schools' curricula stopped at K-turns and parallel parking. We didn't know any other Ferrari owners as far as we were concerned, ours was the only Ferrari west of Milan. "Someone used to driving fast cars," I told my glowering helpline. In our little world, we might as well have asked for lessons in brain surgery. There were no listings for *PATIENTS RACING* in the San Francisco Yellow Pages. I looked.

But then a tantalizing article in the Sunday *San Francisco Chronicle* offered a chance for mastery of our expensive plaything. "Maybe this guy can help," I said, pointing to a picture of George Bignotti. Bignotti, said the article, was building race cars in nearby Burlingame. I'd never heard of him or the drivers working for him, but the cars were for the Indianapolis 500, which I had heard of, and I knew they drove very, very fast there.

The next day I called Bignotti and told him about my problem. The premier engine builder on the Indy car circuit (so I found out later) didn't seem at all put out by my inquiry. "I've got just the person to help you," he said. "Why don't you come on down?"

And down I came, lurching shakily to a stop in front of the white frame house where Bignotti both lived and had his shop. He was a middle-aged man, dressed in coveralls. With him was a much younger man, in his early 20s. I guessed, a bit stocky but well built. Bignotti introduced me to my crewcut driving instructor, who smiled a lot and talked with a Texas drawl. Where he came from, my new teacher explained, folks were often known by their initials, not their names. "Call me A.J.," he said, as we walked to the car.

A.J. helped me into the passenger seat. "Let's get the feel of this thing," he said with a chuckle. He then fired up the Ferrari, pulled smoothly away and proceeded to take me on the most astounding ride of my life. Astounding, mostly because for some reason I wasn't

terrified, even though we were hitting 75 and 80 mph on the suburban streets of Burlingame. The Ferrari roared with a happy ferocity I hadn't heard before: houses, stop signs and startled residents passed in a blur. And yet, against all my instincts, I knew we were safe. For a magical half hour the Ferrari and its driver—both well within their limits—were working together. It was a work of art.

We pulled to a stop, my ears ringing. "Nice car," A.J. said. Then he and I changed places, and he proceeded to demonstrate my inscrutable automobile. The clutch, he said, was very stiff and demanded quick, decisive foot action—the fact that I usually wore high heels while driving hadn't been helping matters any. As for downshifting while cornering—and that seemed to be the case every time I needed to downshift—it was better done with heel-and-toe double clutching, a technique I'd never heard of that involved a tricky ballet in which the right foot worked the gas and brake pedals simultaneously while the left foot pumped the clutch pedal.

After a bit of practice, I demonstrated a modest proficiency at those procedures—at least enough for A.J. to say, "Let's head for San Francisco." We roared up the Bayshore Freeway and got off at a downtown exit. In heavy traffic, I did well enough, although the car would surely have preferred another workout with A.J. and—grumbling along at less than 25 mph—sent little mechanical misadventures back from the engine compartment to the cockpit.

None of this seemed to faze A.J. "Head up Mason Street," he said. Obviously, my final exam was to be a smooth ascent of this hilly, cobblestoned avenue. I looked over to him apprehensively, but he simply smiled and motioned me to go ahead.

A mistake. Mason Street, as most San Francisco residents (and some terrified tourists) know, angles almost straight up to a stop sign at its top. Drivers, having had to crawl up sev-

There were a lot of crashes, of course. Crashes are the percussion section of racing. But through almost 30 years of competition, A.J. Foyt has come to be America's, and perhaps the world's, greatest race driver ever. Other names always arise: five-time world driving champion Juan Manuel Fangio, Jimmy Clark, Stirling Moss, Richard Petty, but the inescapable fact remains that, while they were stunning in their talents, they were specialists. Nobody else has won as much in such a variety of equipment *continued*

eral hundred feet of the hill in first gear, must halt just below the summit, peer timidly skyward and then crawl cautiously into the intersection. And this is where I sat, trying to let the Ferrari moving without revving us into oncoming traffic.

I stalled the engine three times while trying to get slowly under way and not roll backward into the huge truck that was behind me. Traffic built up, horns started to honk. But what was most frightening was that A.J., frantically shouting instructions, wasn't the cool pro he'd been just moments before. In fact, he was sweating bullets. If he was scared now, I thought, what should I be?

Finally, A.J. told me very deliberately. "Set the parking brake, turn off the engine, leave it in first and . . . get . . . out . . . of . . . the . . . car." By that time we were surrounded by a knot of onlookers, fascinated by both my beautiful machine and its driver's ineptitude.

They cheered lustily as A.J. slid into the driver's seat and got the Ferrari moving over the crest. "Launch?" he asked, the scarlet draining from his face. I nodded, and we rolled majestically over the Golden Gate Bridge to Sausalito. "You did all right for a beginner," said A.J. gamely at the waterfront restaurant. But he drove us back to Burlingame, and as we shook hands I thought, that's the last I'll see of that guy.

Well, not quite. Several months later, my husband and I listened on the radio to the entire Indy 500 race lap by lap and cheered as A.J. won. I saw his face on the front page of the *Chronicle* sports section. He was carrying a big trophy and smiling from ear to ear. He'd won his first Indianapolis 500.

Thrilled, I sent him a telegram directly to the Speedway. "Thank you and congratulations," it said. And I'd like to think that these days—perhaps when his clutch breaks or a driver spins out in front of him—A.J. remembers me.

—DONIA MCMURRAY-KIRKESSE

INTRODUCING ROYAL COMFORT Pipe Tobacco.

If it's a cool smoke you seek...Take Comfort.



If you're tired of hot, biting pipe tobaccos...now you can take comfort in knowing there's a good tasting aromatic specially blended to smoke cool. To always satisfy. Pipe after pipe. New Royal Comfort. If it's a cool smoke you seek...take Comfort.

A.J. Foyt

continues

as Foyt has. If that critter's got wheels, as they say in racing, ol' A.J. can drive it.

As most folks know by now, Foyt began striding across the American landscape in the mid-1950s, a midget and sprint-car racer who just sort of materialized out of the half-mile ovals and dirt tracks of Texas and the Midwest. He was born to it, down in Houston to be exact, where his dad operated a garage and campaigned a couple of midget racers on the side. Young A.J. had his first racer at four—at four?—a tiny car powered by a Briggs & Stratton lawnmower engine. "I swear," says A.J. Sr., "he put his foot in it right from the start." A.J. Jr. was a good mechanic and a race driver by the time he was 17—"I was making \$75 a week being a mechanic and driving, and I just couldn't wait," he says—so he dropped out of school and went racing full-time. Well, the 11th grade isn't bad.

Dirt-track racing is full of grit and smoke and upside-down race cars, and it's the absolute greatest training ground in the world for motor sports. It's dirty purism: The racers build, repair, race and trailer their own cars from country track to country track, and most of them drink a lot of beer and do a little bare-knuckle fighting on the side. It's their form of ballet. In that sense, Foyt was a standout right from the start. There was a time when he chose to race in freshly laundered and starched white pants and honest-to-God silk shirts. It seemed to be a modest enough affectation. Lord knows, until someone made the mistake of calling him Fancy Pants.

By the time Foyt appeared as an Indy rookie in 1958, his reputation was established. He was known to be tough and touchy. Back around that time racing sponsor J.C. Agajanian once pleaded with Foyt to grant *SPORTS ILLUSTRATED* an interview. "All that circulation," Agajanian said, "all those readers. I'm telling you, A.J., this story would make you famous."

"Aw, bullbleep," growled Foyt. "You want to know what will make me famous?" He pointed down to his right foot, the one he stomps on the throttle of a race car. "That there foot is what'll make me famous."

And he was right. Foyt went on to drive anything that rolled, achieving re-

markable successes in sports cars, stockers, midgets, on pavement, on dirt, with engines mounted in front of him or behind, but it's his record on the championship-car circuit and at the Brickyard that remains the most telling. Foyt has now won the USAC driving championship seven times and the Indy 500 a record four times, in 1961, 1964, 1967 and 1977. He's the alltime money-winner at Indy, with \$1,347,694.97 so far. He has raced the most miles there, 8,567.5 to date, and he has been on the pole four times; only the late Rex Mays held that position as often. But there's one more statistic that perhaps tells a lot more about motor sports and Foyt: Of the 33 drivers who started with him in his first Indy 500 in 1958, he's the only one still active. Sixteen are now dead—13 of them killed while racing.

"Well," Foyt says, "that's why I'm more careful now. It'd be pretty damn dumb if I got into a race car and got killed at Indy or Daytona at my age."

One of the more bizarre scenes in racing came at the 1964 Indy 500, after an early-lap smashup sent a ball of fire exploding into the sky in Turn Four. The race was red-flagged, stopped while the charred wreckage was cleared away. The surviving cars were pushed and tagged to the main straightaway in front of the

grandstand. And then, just before a restart, an announcement was made that veteran driver Eddie Sachs had died in the crash and rookie Dave MacDonald was in serious condition in the hospital (he, too, would die). During the announcement, Foyt stood with his head bowed, but with his eyes open and his jaw firmly set. He was pulling on his soft, red kidskin driving gloves and carefully punching them between the fingers with the edge of his hand to make sure they were tight. Then he climbed into his car and rolled out and won the race.

When it was all over at sundown, Foyt stood alone in Gasoline Alley. He was still in his driving coveralls. At the start of the 500 miles there had been a tiny hole in the right elbow of the suit, and the force of the wind during the race had ripped it wide open. Foyt had been fond of the fun-loving Sachs, a good driver who was often described as the Clown Prince of racing, and had been impressed with young MacDonald. "Looky here," Foyt said. "You can't let this get you down, about those guys getting killed. You got to carry on in racing. You can't let anyone get too close to you in this game; if they get killed, it breaks your heart. Maybe you haven't noticed it about me, but I haven't got any close friends in racing. If you are" continued



Foyt has rearranged his life to spend less time with sponsors and more at his lavish Houston residence.

A.J. Foyt

continued

going to race, you've got to race alone."

Seeing life and death as clearly as Foyt does, it would be dumb if he got himself into an accident at his age. Most assuredly, an accident won't occur because of any wild moves by Foyt—and here's the part where it gets tricky: If A.J. is indeed driving a bit more careful, as he puts it, then it sure isn't noticeable from the stands or at trackside.

Here's Cale Yarborough, one of the toughest of stock-car racers and an old Foyt competitor: "Well, ol' A.J. is still quick, all right. The thing about him is that with his driving talent, he could even lose a step, like they say in other sports, and then do a shuffle and make it up on you. You're out there, racing door handle to door handle, and some guys, they'll put a sudden move on you. But not A.J.

He won't even put any foolish moves on you. He's a real racer."

And Gurney, now a car builder, says, "What A.J. may have lost in daring, he makes up for in cunning. He's the consummate driver. One important thing about survival: If his machine isn't exactly right, well, he won't soldier on through with it. He'll demand that the car is perfect—or he'll park it and not race at all."

Foyt punctuates his speech with sound effects—it's the only way he can easily explain something that otherwise defies quick description—and it comes out in a form of verbal italics and exclamation points, all accompanied by fierce gestures and twists of the body. On this morning last May at Indy's Gasoline Alley, he's

considerably less than satisfied with the way his car is running, and he has assembled his crew in the garage. They stand in a ragged semicircle around the car which has been stripped of its fiberglass skin and is down to its bare steel skeleton. This is some tableau! This is the Indy version of Rembrandt's *The Anatomy Lesson of Dr. Tulp*.

Foyt explains that he has just come back from the No. 2 turn, where he listened to Johnny Rutherford's car go through the corners. "He came shooting through there going *shooooooooommm!*" Foyt explains, "and then, when he backed off her a bit, she went *raaaaaawwww!* Like that. See what I mean?"

The odd thing is that they really do see. Foyt's dad and all the crewmen nod in perfect understanding, each one looking down at the naked engine as if he expected it to say *roooooooooommm* at any moment.

Foyt is looking at pictures of his horses: Winner's circle pic— *continued*



The car in which A.J. finished 16th at the Indy 500 in 1965 is now a daisy relic in his garage. His win at Le Mans (lower left) came in 1967. His fourth win at Indy in 1977 was a record.

Red

0 bonus.
oll-free
 (ate call
 22 9630)

Johnnie Walker Red will get
 the worth \$20,000 in prize
 ing Johnnie Walker Red
 est display with the bonus
 extra \$5,000.

question can be found on
 Red bottle. The answer

© 1984, American
 Import Ltd.
 New York, N.Y.
 10017

1-800-4-A-WALKER
 (22-9630)

The toll free call you make to Johnnie Walker Red will get you the question that could be worth \$20,000 in prize money. And at your participating Johnnie Walker Red liquor store, you'll find our contest display with the bonus question that could win you an extra \$5,000.

So make your toll-free call to Johnnie Walker Red. And clip out the entry form from this ad or get one from your local participating restaurant or liquor store.

Call Johnnie Walker Red Contest
— Official Rules

[illegible][illegible][illegible]

First Prize \$20,000
Second Prize \$5,000

To enter the Johnnie Walker® Red Contest, you must answer the contest question. To obtain the contest question dial toll free 1-800-223-0253 (New York State residents dial toll free 1-800-527-5630). Then look at the label on any bottle of Johnnie Walker Red Label Scotch and print your answer below.

ANSWER:

Bergman, A. and J. B.

Mail your completed entry form to: Todd Johnson, Mother's Red Cakes,
PO Box 8015, New Canaan, Connecticut 06842

5,284

ATTENDING

CITY

(Feb)	20
-------	----

100% Blended Scotch Whiskies. 50 & 750 ml.
Imported by Somerset Imports, Ltd. N.Y. N.Y. 10036 (c) 1988



A.J. Foyt

continued

tures, barn and paddock pictures—all sunshine and grass, not a blacktop straightaway in sight. The poses are pretty much the same as they've always been—man standing beside horse/car. But it's when he's with horses that Foyt looks happiest. And this is the emerging Foyt: Gentleman breeder and racer of thoroughbreds.

Off-track nowadays, Foyt lives grandly in his sprawling suburban Houston home with his wife, Lucy. The house is more than big enough—it was built on four lots—and the kids are pretty much raised. Anthony Joseph Foyt III, 24, works for his dad, daughter Terry Lynn Foyt Roberts, 22, lives in Houston, and the youngest, 18-year-old Jerry, is in college. "a business major," Foyt says firmly. There are two grandchildren, Tony's daughter and Terry Lynn's son, in whose presence Foyt turns to Jell-O. Lucy, who once sat nervously in the stands virtually every time A.J. went racing, now attends only selected major events. There's another change in Foyt's life, the race

driver without peer, mechanic and builder of fast cars, forever competitive, is about to take on the Sport of Kings.

Actually, he has been in horse racing for a few years, but quietly—making his move slowly, sneaking up from the back of the pack, but more and more now, he's getting set to stand on it.

"You want to talk about a sport that's scary," he says. "You pay \$50,000 or more for a horse—and you don't even know if it can run. It sort of puts you in shock. But I'm going about this the same way I got started in automobile racing, that is, pay as you go and do it in cash. Don't owe nobody. Now, then. If a car don't run, you can fix it. But a horse. . . ." He blinks at the wonder of it. "Everything you do is a chance. Uh, Barbezons's Flower. She run second in the '79 Debutante Stakes for 2-year-olds. Well, I bought her and her full sister—and her sister can't run a lick. But that's it. You can't never tell. Some cheap horses'll outrun the expensive ones."

A.J. III serves as his dad's full-time

trainer. "I just sort of throwed that kid in with the wolves," Foyt says, "but it's like when I was learning car racing. You got to get in there and make your own mistakes and learn by them. And he will, too. A couple of times I've fired that kid's fanny, but he works hard and we're actually making a little bit of money. Sometimes we're scaring ourselves to death doing it, like they say in car racing, but we're doing it."

The Racing Family Foyt is not only serious about this horsey business, but it's also going to pay off one day soon, according to Bill Rudy, director of public relations for Churchill Downs. "Foyt is tenacious," Rudy says. "You might say he displays the same qualities in horse racing that he does in driving race cars; it's exactly what will make him a winner. He's taken some setbacks, true, but in five years or so he's going to be a definite threat in this sport." In the meantime, Rudy points out, horse racing has additional benefits for Foyt. At Churchill Downs and other tracks, A.J. finds the es-

continued



Foyt provided his friend and sponsor Jim Gilmore with the Cupola that won at Indianapolis in 1977 in a unique conversation piece for Gilmore's den.

A woman going places has a special obligation to her family.

You're the 1981 woman. As a New York Life Agent, I meet you every day.

You work at the office, go to P.T.A. meetings, and take extra courses at night. Increasingly, you depend on the sharing concern of your husband to help manage the home and keep an eye on the children.

And although you are more independent and have greater control over your life, your responsibilities have also grown. You now provide, on average, over 40% of your family's dual income.

For that reason alone you need your own life insurance. Maybe even a great deal of it.

Life insurance can't replace you if you should die. I know that. But it can help soften the financial blow of those who depend on you. And, if you live, your policy can provide the extra money for a more comfortable retirement.

Why not get all the facts. Ask someone who is going places in her—or his—own profession and knows how to meet the special obligation to your family.

Ask me.

Your New York Life Agent.



"Ask me!"



New York Life Insurance Company, 51 Madison Ave., New York, N.Y. 10017. In Canada: 1240-444 St. Mary Avenue, Winnipeg, Manitoba R2C1T1. Life Group and Health Insurance. Annuities. Pension Plans.

cape he seeks. The folks in thoroughbred racing couldn't care less about a man's piston-driven ways; Foyt could arrive fresh from winning the 500, with goggle marks still outlined on his face in grease, and the people at the barns would say, "Ah, yes. That's Master Foyt, the horseowner, you know."

So here's the master plan according to Foyt: Start at the bottom and work up, campaign maybe 20 to 25 horses at a time and keep trying various fuel mixtures and suspensions until you win the Kentucky Derby. If you can do it at Indy, you can do it anywhere. After all, look at the Foyt silks as described in the official Churchill Downs racing program: Orange and white, with the letters A.J. on the back. The sleeves—ah, the sleeves. They feature black blocks on white. Black blocks on white? Of course. The checkered flag. Shoooooooo!

Slowly, Foyt is getting the hang of how these horsey chaps operate. For now, he and his son have a stable of more than 100 horses and a 10-year plan. They keep about 20 2-year-olds in training at their Hockley, Texas ranch, a 1,000-acre spread 35 miles from Houston that Foyt built himself.

The ranch may be one of the tonier spots in Texas: Three houses, eight barns, paddocks, a bunkhouse and a lovely five-eighths-of-a-mile training track with ponds in the infield. All of it is surrounded by the obligatory white fences.

To Foyt his new sport is simple as well as scary: You keep buying and breeding and training and desling, and pretty soon you get a horse that will make you rich. You come up with, "well, something like a Secretariat, see? A horse that'll make a million for you."

Then he leans back and flashes the explosive grin. Then there is a lightning bolt of insight: "Right now, what we got is a gang of horses and one poor little ol' human who is racing out there and making the million," Foyt says. "You know what? Hell, I'm the Secretariat of this whole operation."

Foyt comes streaking down the straight in his brand-new, bright Coyote-orange No. 51 Gilmore-Valvoline Oldsmobile,

hitting maybe 190 mph, and despite the speed, what happens next seems to freeze on the retina like a camera shot: Foyt glances left at his pit crew, raises his right hand from the steering wheel and daintily waggles his fingertips at them in a cheery hello. Shoooooooo, and he's gone again, into Turn One.

This is early in the 1981 Daytona 500. Foyt is destined to run only 120 laps before a dropped valve spring will force him out. He'll be credited with 35th spot out of 42 entrants. But right now: "Honestly, I've never seen him in a better mood," says Jim Gilmore, Foyt's pal and sponsor for the past 10 years. Gilmore, who's from Kalamazoo, is principally a radio and television station owner; he doesn't have a product to sell like other racing sponsors; he's in the sport for love and kicks. "After all," he says, "it's a new season and we've got a new car—and where else can you have such fun at our age?" Gilmore is a shaggy gray-haired, cheerfully rumpled man who may be Foyt's biggest fan. Certainly he's the only one who has one of Foyt's Indy Coyote race cars, parked in his den, doing duty as a piece of pop-art sculpture. And after Foyt won his fourth Indy, he gave Gilmore the diamond-encrusted ring that went with the victory.

And then comes the sudden change. Two cars whomp together, one of them spinning out of control on Turn Two, and suddenly the yellow caution light flicks on. The pitch of roaring V-8 stock-car engines subtly changes—from *raaaaawwwr* to *whaaaannng*, as Foyt would put it—as the drivers back off the gas. And now in clusters, running dangerously close, Foyt and the others head for the pits. The orange Olds comes yawling in and slams to a stop. Foyt's mood is still mellow; he talks calmly, if forcefully, to the crew.

The men work efficiently and ultra-fast. The Olds bobs up and plunks down under their ministrations. Gilmore hands Foyt a drink of water in a paper cup attached to the end of a long pole and then *phroooooom!* the car roars away.

But suddenly Foyt is back in the pits. A round NASCAR official, wearing a radio rig on his head, is there to greet him. The NASCAR guy listens to some instruction on his earpiece and tells Foyt the bad news: It seems that after his last pit stop, Foyt had bypassed the traffic

controller's stop sign. He had entered the track ahead of the pace car and had begun gunning on the field under the yellow light. Not allowed. So he had been flagged back into the pits, and he would now have to remain there until he'd lost the ground he'd made up on the leaders.

Foyt's face darkens as if a tornado were taking shape inside the cockpit. His helmet is bobbing up and down as he yells choice yells; he slams his palms on the steering wheel, and then he draws down his chin and bends his head forward. Slamming in the clutch, he pops the car into gear and starts revving the engine. The roar rises to a painful scream of metal. Foyt keeps zapping the engine; with each zap the car shudders, gathering itself up to explode forward. But the NASCAR official, holding his hand up, palm pointed toward Foyt, remains in front of the car, just at the left front fender.

Gilmore winces and says with a half-smile, "I'm not sure that I'd stand in front of A.J.'s car at a time like this."

Later that day, after his car had come limping in, Foyt went to his equipment truck in the infield and quickly changed into a fresh shirt, fresh jeans, fresh mood and expensive handmade cowboy boots of what appeared to be antelope hide. He emerged with a grin, popped open a can of Pepsi, slid behind the wheel of Gilmore's grape-colored Cadillac sedan and allowed that, well, possibly the penalty had caused the valve stem to go bad. But what the hell, that was racin', right? And then he flashed the smile at everybody and drove off, paying absolutely no attention to the race still going on around him.

And now, back in Houston on this bright, historic morning—the Day A.J. Revealed His Mellow Side—he volunteers, for the first time anywhere, how he came to be a millionaire. "All I ever wanted to do was race," he says. "Jump in the car and run that sumbitch, and do it better'n anybody else. Well, along came 1960 and I won my first national title in championship cars, and I said to myself, 'Well, hell, this here is it; I'll never ever again make this much money in one year in my life.'" But then came the really good years, adorned with more national titles and the four Indy victories, and as Bill Arsted, one of Foyt's early sponsors,

continued

1981 U.S. GOV'T REPORT: CARLTON AGAIN!

The United States Government has issued 17 reports on the tar and nicotine content of cigarette brands since 1970. In these 17 reports no cigarette has ever been reported to be lower in tar than CARLTON.

Today's CARLTON has even less tar than the

version tested by the Government for its most recent report. In fact, many new brands have been introduced since, including some "ultra low tars." But despite the new entries, CARLTON has maintained its leadership position—**CARLTON still lowest.**



Carlton is lowest.

Box—less than 0.01 mg. tar, 0.002 mg. nicotine.

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined
That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

BOX. Less than 0.01 mg. "tar", 0.002 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette by FTC method.

noted dryly, "A.J. may not have had much education, but he certainly knows how to read a contract." And suddenly Foyt, who had been poor all his life—"just walking along there with a race helmet under one arm"—was a millionaire. In fact, until three years ago, he confesses, he lived solely on his income from stock-car and midget racing and invested all the rest. That's like Reggie Jackson living on the royalties from his candy bar and socking away everything else.

In 1971 Foyt bought a Chevrolet agency in Houston and has since built it into one of the largest in the region—5,000 new car sales a year. And typically, though he's the owner, he has never cashed a salary check from the place. On the side, as time permits, Foyt serves on the board of directors of Houston's Greenway Bank and SCI (Service Corp. International), the country's largest funeral service outfit, and he owns a piece of the Houston Astros. Not bad for a kid who dropped out in the 11th grade. And now the money—in cash, not credit—goes into horse racing. He grins at that thought. "Well," he says. "I mean, you ain't never seen a Brinks truck following a funeral procession to dump the money into the grave, have you? Well then."

It remains for Foyt to wind down one activity while cranking up the other. Because they can afford it, Foyt and Gilmore will hit selected 1981 major races pretty much on their own, without being tugged and pulled at—and definitely not dominated—by major sponsors. "Listen," he says. "I'm not drawn back every year by a lot of money from this major company or that one. I'm drawn back to racing by the competition and because I enjoy it."

Precisely. The statement crackles in the air, and thus goes the Foyt philosophy of life. To the race—ah, the race—and the hell with the rest of it. The driving is what counts. When the race is over, the rest of it is empty smiles and false marquee and the pretend-modest posturing that's expected of all drivers. It's Gary Coopering a sport that should be pure. But no false pose from Foyt. For A.J., it's enough to race so boldly that your nerves sizzle and your very life is on the line; it is too much to be expected to park that car and immediately be nice to old ladies and God knows who all.

"I guess it's an honor," Foyt says, trying to figure it out, "but I swear people won't let me alone. Sometimes they must think I'm a sorry s.o.b., but there are times when I got to concentrate on my racing, to have some peace and quiet. And that's what bugs me about this sport; it's the pressure of the people. It didn't used to be this way, or is it that I'm getting older? I don't know."

"Maybe it's television. They've had shows on TV that are supposed to take place inside a man's head. Call it immediate news or whatever, up close and personal, something. But people see the shows and then they expect that me and other sports figures will be like that in real life—inside out just for them, up close and personally *there*. My car can be running real bad on the track and I'm worried as hell about it, and I can be talking confidentially to one of my mechanics, and some fan will come right up and throw an arm around my shoulder and start talking to me. Will I take just a minute to step over here and pose with his wife and kids? Or they do worse. It's tugging and pulling. Over here, A.J., and c'mere, A.J. Well, here's what has gradually happened: I've always been outspoken, but I've got a commitment to racing, by God, and I'm going to keep that commitment. So I've been known to say 'kiss my ass' and go out racing. Well, then the fans get on me—it seems like they've been more vicious in the past few years—and then the newspapers and magazines have wrote bad on me, and I just can't help it. I'm just of A.J., and you got to take me the way I come."

Fair enough. And in the countdown to the 65th Indy 500 two weeks ago, Foyt continued unwaveringly to add to his own legend. He had left the bedside of his critically ill mother, promising to win this one for her, he told newsmen. And right from the start he had hammered out impressive speeds in his sleek new Coyote, once howling to an unofficial 214 mph in a practice run down the main straightaway. Later in the week A.J. fiercely brow-beat a local newspaper reporter whose account of that high-speed run had riled Foyt.

The next day, Foyt hit an official

196.078 mph to lead the first weekend of qualifying. That put him on the pole for that moment but because rain had shortened the opening weekend's program, it also left him with a full week of waiting to see if he would hold the pole. He didn't. In last Saturday's qualifying session, the pole went to Bobby Unser, and when Mike Mosley also bettered his time, Foyt was relegated to third on the grid. The day after his 196.078-mpm run, Foyt's mother died back in Houston.

It took a gritty, forceful personality to stand up to all of that, but when Foyt is run this weekend, there will be Foyt, unswerving as ever. The world, as he says, will have to take him as he is.

Well, it turns out there's no other way, and at least that's something one can count on. Which brings us to one final anecdote. Let it be instructive to the folks out there in thoroughbred racing: A.J. Foyt is coming. And while the venue might change, rest assured that A.J. will not.

"It was at last year's Kentucky Derby," Foyt says. "I was just pulling out of the parking lot at Churchill Downs and this stranger came up to the window of my wagon. He sort of bent over and looked in. He indicated to me that he wanted to say something, so I rolled down the window and he kind of leaned in and..." Foyt pauses to sniff the air, indicating that it was thick with the smell of bourbon and crushed mint leaves. "And he said something to me about how he didn't like my horses, and I sort of shrugged. And then he said to me, 'A.J., yer a — off.' Now, he had some friends with him, and I reckon that he was trying to be a big shot in front of them. Maybe he'd seen me on television or something, and now he had me live." Foyt sighs, remembering it. Only the costumes and the setting had changed, but here was a familiar scene being replayed. "I came boiling out of the car," Foyt says, "and *fwaaaap!* I hit that sucker. I *hadda* hit him twice. He was saying, 'Please don't hit me again, Mister Foyt, please don't hit me again.'"

"Well, that's it, you see? It's exactly what I've been telling you. I may not have that race helmet under my arm, but I'm still the same A.J. Foyt and nobody says — off to me, no matter where it is."

END

Kodak brings the instant closer.

Take pictures at normal distance.



Or close up.



Introducing the Kodak Colorburst 350. The only instant camera with a built-in close-up lens.

Our exclusive built-in close-up lens and our built-in electronic flash let you take beautiful instant color pictures from as close as two feet away—in any light. Color pictures that are sharp, rich, vivid. And, best of all, also built in are 100 years of Kodak experience. The Colorburst 350 is the perfect instant camera for you and the perfect gift.



Kodak brings the instant to life!



©Eastman Kodak Company 1981

Reminiscence

by JIM STRAIN

THE AUTHOR'S GOAL AT EARLY BRONCO GAMES WAS TO HAVE HIMSELF A BALL

Every time I see a net raised behind the goal posts for an extra-point or field-goal attempt in the NFL, I can't help feeling a bit sad. Sure, the net is probably the only way to prevent fans from beating each other up in pursuit of balls kicked into the stands, but that doesn't serve to reduce my melancholy, especially when I recall a boyhood incident at Bears Stadium, where the Denver Broncos and I grew up together.

The place is now called Mile High Stadium and regular-season games have been sold out for 10 years, despite a sizeable increase in capacity—from 34,264 to 75,103—since the day in 1960 when the Broncos of the newborn AFL played their first home game, against Oakland. I'm one of the 100,000 or so folks who now claim—except I'm not fibbing—to have been among the 18,372 fans who attended that game. I was 11, and for the '60 season and many thereafter, the games seemed almost incidental to other special Sunday activities at Bears Stadium.

Every now and then admission was free for kids wearing little league football jerseys—an unthinkable promotion today—and my brothers and I would meet friends at the stadium. When we tired of the action on the field, we would roam the sparsely-filled stands, savoring the atmosphere and our youthful camaraderie. Halftime was often spent underneath the makeshift east bleachers, scrounging for money or souvenirs that had fallen through the planks.

When the Broncos were winning, which wasn't very often, we were attentive and vocal fans. But to be honest, a Bronco victory was less important than fulfilling our yearning to emerge from one of the extra point free-for-all with an official AFL football.

To appreciate the depths of this longing, it's necessary to understand the hierarchy of souvenirs in which a football

ranked highest. Autographs were fine for kids, but by fifth or sixth grade my friends and I had advanced to the pursuit of more prestigious chin straps, which were not as easily acquired.

The initial obstacle to chin-strap gathering was getting past a menacing line of orange-jacketed ushers that formed around the perimeter of the gridiron at the two-minute warning to keep fans off the field after the game. Our strategy was to rush onto the field in a group at one point, overloading a single usher. Although he would usually chase us halfheartedly, his colleagues couldn't afford to break ranks, and after we penetrated the line it was usually clear sailing.

Then it was simply a matter of pestering a player until he consented to give away his often bloodstained chin strap.



ILLUSTRATION BY JAMES CORRELL

As with autographs, the value of a chin strap was directly proportional to the fame of its donor.

If a player wasn't particularly well known, one simply made him a hero for his generosity and faithfully followed his exploits on special teams or on the offensive line. Because many players weren't eager to part with chin straps, acquiring one from even the most obscure member of the team was generally regarded as a far greater accomplishment than getting the quarterback's autograph.

After a number of chin straps were obtained, however, they began to lose their appeal. After all, only one chin strap could adorn one's little league helmet at any time, and though some of my friends tacked them to their walls like scalp, they were hardly decorative.

Growing indifference toward chin straps led to the pursuit of other more valued mementos—usually more substantial pieces of equipment. My friend Charlie once acquired a shoe, but the most common of this higher order of souvenirs was the foam rubber forearm guard that we called a shaver pad.

One of my most prized items was a shaver pad from a now-forgotten player, and in retrospect I find his willingness to give it to me as curious as my request for it. Nevertheless, once my mother shortened the elastic straps on the back of the pad to prevent it from slipping up and down my right forearm, I underwent a magical transformation: timid kid became rugged lineman.

I practiced my forearm shiver on the walls at home, but somehow it was always less formidable in little league games, in which the maneuver deteriorated into a wild flailing of my elbow that drew penalties. Despite my inept performance, there was no question that the slab of foam rubber on my forearm gave me considerable status.

My most prestigious but dubious achievement in memento gathering was procuring a 40-yard-line marker that had broken off at the base. As a souvenir it would, I knew, be more impressive than Charlie's shoe.

Uneasy about walking off the field with an item the size of a small table top, I stuffed the yard-line marker under my coat during the post-game commotion. My silhouette must have been as revealing as that of a well-fed snake, but no one stopped me. Subsequent pangs of guilt, however, ended that kind of scavenging on my part. By this time I had accumulated a respectable collection of Bronco football trinkets, but I would've traded them all for an AFL football. Its desirability to fans of all ages was evident in the activity that occurred in the stands immediately before, during and directly after place kicks.

Unlike a baseball fan, who never knows when a ball may be hit his way, continued



Ride the Thorobreds.

There's strength in the Thorobred line of radials from Dayton. Dayton S/P, Blue Ribbon and Quadra. We have a full stable of smooth riding, American-made radials that can save you gas. And that means saving money.

If that's not enough, ask about Dayton mileage warranties that cover you now, and down the road.

There are Dayton dealers from coast to coast. Check the Yellow Pages for the one nearest you.

Ride that special breed. The Thorobreds from Dayton.



Dayton Tire, P.O. Box 2797
Akron, Ohio 44319

"I

never knew
gold rum
tasted
like
this."

Puerto Rican
Gold Rum

If you're
still drinking
whiskey
on the rocks...

it's because
you haven't
tasted gold rum
on the rocks.

That's the reaction that's made Puerto Rican Gold Rum one of the most popular and fastest growing liquors in America today.

Any way you try it, Gold Rum is a smooth alternative to bourbons, blends, Canadians—even Scotch.

Enjoy it on the rocks, or with a dash of soda or your favorite mixer. The first sip will amaze you. The second will convert you.

Make sure the rum is Puerto Rican. The people of Puerto Rico have been making rum for almost five centuries. Their specialized skills and dedication result in a rum of exceptional taste and purity.

No wonder over 85% of the rum sold in this country comes from Puerto Rico.

PUERTO RICAN RUMS
Aged for smoothness and taste.



For line "Rums of Puerto Rico" recipes, write: Puerto Rican Rums Dept. 1-7, 1290 Avenue of the Americas, N.Y. N.Y. 10102 © 1982 Government of Puerto Rico

REMINISCENCE continued

the football fan generally is aware when a pugskin is to be booted into the seats. An extra-point or field-goal attempt generates a special excitement that feeds on anticipation. During the Bronco games of my childhood, those brief moments of preparation were exhilarating. My heart rate jumped, my palms became moist and my muscles tensed. In end zones, fans left their seats to cram the aisles or stood on their seats. With the kick, they all leaned forward expectantly. If no one caught the ball a struggle ensued in the immediate vicinity of where it came down; those too far away to have any hope of coming up with it sat down or wistfully returned to their proper seats. If ownership of the football wasn't immediately determined, fans near it began to clot into something loosely resembling a rugby scrum. They wrestled for position or the ball until the specials marched down the aisles and began restoring order by plucking individuals from the scrum like leaves from a massive artichoke.

My buddies and I were rarely in the right place even to have a chance at getting the ball, but on one occasion my younger brother, John, then 13, and I staked out a strategic spot that turned out to be on the periphery of one of these brawls. John threw himself into the fracas and quickly disappeared into the knot of writhing bodies. When he didn't emerge soon thereafter, I nervously began tugging people away from the pile until I spotted him wedged beneath a couple of fellows, gasping for air. An older man helped me free him. John was scraped and a little scared but otherwise all right.

After that we both became more cautious. Our appetite for a football hadn't diminished, but we stopped scrambling around the stands for position and were content to fortify whatever end-zone seats we happened to have.

On the Sunday that will haunt me forever, our location wasn't particularly good for snaring footballs. Denver was playing the Boston Patriots, and John and I were accompanied by our youngest brother, Jeff, 7, who was primarily interested in eating Sno-Kones. We were seated squarely behind the goal posts but 10 rows too high to be in serious contention for a football. Place kicks were dropping well below us, although we dutifully stood on our seats and braced against the surge each time.

continued

FREE
TOTE BAG!

CIGAR
WITH
ROSE
LAWRENCE

KING
SOLOMON'S
RING
KONRAD Z.
LORENZ

Great reading
at a great price!

TIME
LIFE
BOOKS

Read any good books lately? The answer to this question started something at TIME-LIFE BOOKS. The editors began exchanging their favorite books. They shared works that stretched their imaginations, made them laugh, took them to far-off places, challenged their thinking, sharpened their ideals.

They turned up great books by little-known authors and little-known books by great authors. Fiction and nonfiction...thick books and thin...old and new. And the project grew into the TIME READING PROGRAM.

Thurber, Nabokov, Marquand, Solzhenitsyn. Their works are part of the TIME READING PROGRAM.

Napoleon, Disraeli, John Paul Jones, Galileo, Woodrow Wilson. Their lives are part of the TIME READING PROGRAM.

Many of the volumes in this wide-ranging, comprehensive library of modern thought and accomplishment are no longer available. If it weren't for the TIME READING PROGRAM, they would be out of print.

Now the TIME READING PROGRAM is back—offering you a wonderful opportunity to read and collect these rarer books that can change the way you look at the world around you. Here's how it works: We'll send you the two

books shown here absolutely FREE for 10 days—plus a bonus tote bag. See them, read them, enjoy them! There's no obligation to buy. And if you decide to keep them, you pay only \$7.95 plus shipping and handling, for this two-volume paperback set.

You'll begin with two outstanding books. *The Big Sky* by A. B. Guthrie Jr. is one of the most authentic and thrilling novels ever written about the American West. And *King Solomon's Ring* by Konrad Z. Lorenz is one of the most original, important and entertaining books ever written about animal behavior. If you're discovering these two books for the first time, a rewarding reading experience awaits you!

For your FREE 10-DAY introduction to the TIME READING PROGRAM—the two-volume set with *The Big Sky* and *King Solomon's Ring*—call toll-free today!

CALL TOLL-FREE

800-621-8200

(In Illinois only, 800-972-8302)

Or write to us at: TIME-LIFE BOOKS
Time & Life Building, Chicago, IL 60611

All orders subject to credit approval.

TIME READING PROGRAM

And then came the moment. My eyes must have widened to the size of pool balls when I picked up the trajectory of Gino Cappelletti's perfect end-over-end boot. The ball was still rising as it sailed between the goal posts, and I swallowed hard. It was headed straight for me. "This is it!" I yelled to my brothers.

I was totally unprepared for what happened next. As I reached for the football, the crowd contracted about me. I was unable to get full control of the ball because several people—including my own brothers!—were tugging at it, but I had the best piece of it. Unable to rearrange my grip or to assert myself, I simply hung on for all I was worth.

As play resumed on the field, I was pushed around as if trapped in capricious and powerful currents, and those still in the fray were being generously anointed with Jeff's Sno-Kone.

Jeff, in the meantime, had become trapped between one of my legs and the seat. A frenzied woman spotted him, pointed at me and repeatedly shrieked,

"He's killing that little boy! He's killing that little boy!" Though in no danger, Jeff became frightened and started to cry, which further fueled her panic and added to the surge of people trying to break up the melee.

By then my other brother had graciously relinquished his claim to the ball, but I was still wrestling for control with several other people. I felt my entire body ascending to the next row as they struggled for the ball—my ball!

Just before the specials arrived I lost my grip, and the absence of my tugging at one end of the ball caused it to shoot from the grasps of my rivals and into the air. It landed in the lap of a rather elderly woman sitting several rows higher. No one dared challenge her for it.

I was dumbfounded. My official AFL football was nestled like an egg in some stranger's lap. Stunned and shaking, I returned to my seat as the specials strolled back to their posts. I replayed Cappelletti's kick in my mind and watched the ball slowly floating end-over-end into my

hands. Had the stadium been empty, the football would have bounced right off my seat.

The shrieker, who was sitting nearby, angrily scolded me for my willingness to "trade that young boy's life for a football." I was too preoccupied to respond to her "I had it," I mumbled "I had it." During the remainder of the game, the shrieker periodically glared at me, Jeff had another Sno-Kone, and I grieved quietly. Fate had reached out and tweaked my nose.

There's no formal league rule, but by 1975 the majority of NFL teams had adopted the practice of using nets behind the goal posts. According to a spokesman at the league office, the primary consideration was protection of the fans, although with footballs costing about \$25, there was that incentive as well. Except in a few cities, the result is: no more brawls, no more bittersweet memories, no more anticipation. The place lack is no longer a magic event. I miss it.

END

**EVERY MORNING,
MILLIONS OF BEARDS
DEPART ON TRAC II.®**



Departures are always smooth and comfortable on Gillette TRAC II.® No wonder it's America's most popular blade. Morning after morning, year after year, it gives one incredibly close shave after another.

Gillette TRAC II twin blades. Millions of beards wouldn't use any other means of departure.

**FOR GUYS ON TRAC II,
NO OTHER WAY WILL DO.**

Gillette



**EACH MONTH
HBO PEOPLE GET
DOZENS OF
KNOCKOUT HITS.
WITHOUT A
SINGLE CUT
OR COMMERCIAL
INTERRUPTION.
WHAT ARE YOU
GETTING?**

Every night HBO people get box office smashes like *Rocky II*, *Alien* and *Meatballs*. Over 20 hit movies each month. All without cuts or commercial interruptions. And HBO people get programs not available anywhere else. Exclusive specials with such popular stars as Glen Campbell, Tanya Tucker and Paul Simon.

HBO people get all this fabulous entertainment at home for less than it costs to take the family out to a single movie! So don't miss out. Call your local cable company or authorized distributor today and ask for HBO.

**HBO PEOPLE
DON'T MISS OUT.**

HBO®
HOME BOX OFFICE®

HBO is available in areas served by cable TV and selected apartment buildings and private residences. Write Home Box Office, Inc., One W Life Bldg., N.Y., N.Y. 10020.

© 1981 Home Box Office, Inc.

Nostalgia

by LARRY COLTON

AIMING TO PLEASE, HE THREW THE LAST STRIKE OF HIS MINOR LEAGUE CAREER

Bottom of the fifth, nobody out. From the corner of my eye, I checked the runner on third, Steve Garvey, then stared in to get the catcher's sign. Fastball.

I took a deep breath, and slowly started my windup. I knew right then, before I even let go of the ball, that if I could make the pitch I wanted, it would be my last one as a pro ballplayer.

It was September 1970. Nixon was sending B-52s into Cambodia, the Yankees were just a twinkle in George Steinbrenner's eye, and I was pitching for the Tacoma Cubs, the Chicago Cubs' farm team in the Pacific Coast League. We were playing the Spokane Indians, the Dodgers' talented farm club. They were 4½ games ahead of us, and this was the last game of the season—not exactly high drama.

I had been traded to the Cubs' organization from the Phillies during the off-season. It was my impression that I was the player-to-be-named-later in the Johnny Callison for Dick Selma and Oscar Gamble deal, because I learned of the trade when I called the Phillie office in January to inquire about my contract. Dallas Green, who was a second lieutenant on phone duty at the time, matter-of-factly informed me that I had been traded a month earlier. I was the player-to-be-told-later, too.

I reported to camp in Scottsdale, Ariz. with Chicago that spring, determined to pitch my way back to the big leagues (if you can call two innings of pitching for the '68 Phillies, in which I allowed one run and three hits to nine batters, giving me a 4.50 ERA, working in the bps), but Cub Manager Leo Durocher never did learn my name, and I was given a ticket to Tacoma.

Undaunted, I resolved to get off to a flying start and make the Cubs take notice. And that's exactly what I did. By early June I was 6 and 1 and near the league lead in ERA and strikeouts. It hadn't even been that difficult, and my breakthrough looked inevitable. Accord-

ing to the clubhouse grapevine and a story in *The Sporting News*, I was going to be called up on June 15.

But on June 14 I pitched an unfortunate game against veteran lefthander Juan Pizarro of the Hawaii Islanders. In that game he hit two towering home runs, got four RBIs and beat me 6-4. Three weeks later the Cubs bought his contract, and I began to wave goodbye to my big dream.

By the last week of the season my record had slipped to 12 and 14—not too bad for a team that won only 45 games out of 143—but my enthusiasm and my competitive spirit were gone. I was still throwing hard, but not hard enough to knock the handwriting off the wall. I knew it was time to quit playing baseball and find a real job; there was more to life than sliders on the corner and minor league groupies waiting outside the clubhouse. Besides, another year in the Coast League would just be prolonging the inevitable.

But now I had one last game to pitch, against division-leading Spokane. The

game meant nothing in the standings; we'd been eliminated in early July. We were probably one of the worst teams in recent Coast League history, although Salt Lake City in the Southern Division finished with only 44 wins that same season. Our best hitter was Roger Metzger, who was batting .270.

On the other hand, Spokane had a powerhouse. With a lineup of Garvey, Bill Russell, Davey Lopes, Bill Buckner, Bobby Valentine, Tom Hutton and Tom Paciorek, the Indians outclassed the league. Their pitching staff included Geoff Zahn, Doyle Alexander and Charlie Hough. An old Dodger blue blood, Tom Lasorda, was the manager. I didn't think we had a chance to win.

The only thing riding on the game was the individual stats of the players. Buckner and Valentine were in contention for the batting title; Paciorek needed one RBI to reach 100; and I needed to strike out 27 in a row to have a chance at extending my career.

It hardly figured to be the grand climax that I fantasized about when Paul Owens signed me to a bonus contract in 1965. At my departure there would be no tearful farewell speeches, no station wagon loaded with gifts for me and the family, no deferred payments through 1990, no World Series ring, just an aching shoulder, my picture on a Phillies baseball card and a couple of scrapbooks full of nice memories of my brush with glory.

I wanted to go out in style, though, do something dramatic for my swan song. I considered clutching my heart and staggering to the ground when I took the mound to illustrate the symbolic death of a "can't-miss" prospect. I discarded that idea, however, figuring neither baseball nor the Spokane fans would be interested in such theatrics.

I felt rebellious enough just coming to the ballpark with a four-day beard. Those were the days of no long hair and no agents (free, legal or otherwise). Bowie Kuhn wanted to keep his button-down empire in line. (Earlier in that '70 season, Hank McGraw, Tug's older brother, a catcher-first baseman for the Emeralds, the Phillies' Eugene, Ore. farm team, was suspended for refusing to get his hair trimmed. He was batting .305 with 14 homers and 49 RBIs at the time.)

Abandoning my normal pregame ritual, which included abstaining from beer,



ILLUSTRATION BY NANA KOSLO

continued



*Freestyle always
was your best event.*

He knows how to wear his diamonds.

Your jeweler can show you other exciting trends in men's diamonds starting at about \$400. The ring shown is available for about \$4,500. Prices may change substantially due to differences in diamond quality and market conditions.

A diamond is forever. De Beers



"The Coupe"

A masterpiece
of modern design from an ancient
Bavarian town.



To a world weary of redesigned and restyled automobiles feverishly concocted for these unsettling times, the new Audi Coupe is refreshment itself.

It is, hyperbole aside, a genuine masterpiece in advanced automobile design. Ahead of conventional grand touring cars.

The Coupe is a beneficiary of the innovative engineering that went into the Audi 5000 and 4000 series automobiles. All of its systems and components have been carefully thought out and developed.

This high performance GT machine offers an invigorating ride, with outstanding quickness and tracking.

The Audi Coupe classic low, front, high-back wedge shape is an aerodynamic tour de force.

Standing still the Coupe looks fast. It is as fast as it looks. 0 to 50 in just 7.4 seconds.

Heart of this performance is the

CIS fuel-injected, 5-cylinder engine invented by Audi; this efficient engine has been further refined to give the Coupe exceptional compressive power. No less sophisticated is the 5-speed transmission and the front-wheel drive, which in all candor is without peer. Audi pioneered front-wheel drive half a century ago, long before it became fashionable.

Yet all of this exhilarating performance is accomplished without sacrificing economy. The Coupe is an ethical GT machine, truly responsive to the energy dilemma: EPA estimated 28 mpg, 36 mpg estimated highway. Its cruising range also is impressive: 331 estimated miles per tankful. Highway range, 568 estimated miles. From its 15.8-gallon tank.

Inside the new Coupe the biomechanical engineering by Audi's scientists is immediately evident.

The ambience of the interior with its

excellent ergonomics and thoughtful instrumentation gives the driver a comforting sense of command.

The Coupe is another reminder that when innovative automotive ideas are required by the times, Audi engineers are already one step ahead.

In every way, the Coupe is pure fun. Pure Audi. A masterpiece of relevant, state of the art engineering and all from the century-old village of Ingolstadt, Germany. It is, indeed, the Coupe du jour.

For your nearest Porsche Audi dealer, please telephone toll-free (800) 447-4700. In Illinois, (800) 322-4400.

*Use "estimated mpg" for comparison. Mileage and range vary with speed, trip length, weather. Actual highway mpg and highway range will probably be less.

PORSCHE + AUDI
NOTHING EVEN COMES CLOSE

Audi

NOW AVAILABLE



A NEW FORTUNE MARKET RESEARCH STUDY

DISTRIBUTED DATA PROCESSING DECISIONS AT MAJOR COMPANIES

More and more companies are distributing data processing to sites and managers outside their headquarters. How are these decisions to distribute data processing made? Who gets involved in the decisions? How are vendors selected? How familiar are major companies with the capabilities of specific vendors? Which ones are considered "above average"?

Send for this fact-filled, 44 page study. If your company is looking into distributed data processing - or if you sell those capabilities to industry - this report is valuable reading.

TO ORDER COPIES

single copy \$10

25 copies or more \$8

Make check payable to FORTUNE and mail to

FORTUNE

ODP Decisions

Room 806B

Time & Life Building

Rockefeller Center

New York, New York 10020

wine or hard liquor, I warmed up for my farewell appearance by downing a couple of Coors in the clubhouse. I figured it would help to ease the trauma of facing the end.

Choked with emotion, I trotted to the mound for the start of my final fling. All but a handful of the Spokane fans had chosen to skip this important event in my life, but after five years in the minor leagues I knew the pleasure of working in privacy.

The first few innings went smoothly enough. Valentine, the players' pick as the best prospect in the league, drilled a couple of singles to sew up the batting crown. I was happy for him, mainly because I shared the opinion of my teammates that Buckner was a hot dog, second in the league only to Willie Montanez. He was, however, a heck of a hitter, and judging from his 1980 batting title, he still is.

By the bottom of the fifth inning it was obvious that I was struggling. My curve was hanging, my fastball had lost about a yard and a half, and I'd given up a couple of runs. With Garvey leading off and Paciorek to follow, our manager, Whitey Lockman, had a reliever warming up. The end was near.

Standing on the rubber watching Garvey dig in, his Popeye forearms squeezing wood chips out of his Louisville. I decided to dazzle him with my knuckler. It didn't matter to me that I'd never thrown one in a game before. It was my last chance.

I threw him four consecutive flowers, each one dancing through the air like a hummingbird in a summer storm. Unfortunately, none of them came within three feet of the plate. Garvey was on with a walk.

With a sidelong glance, I checked Whitey in the dugout. He was up and pacing, a scowl on his normally relaxed face. I got the impression he didn't care for my knuckleball experiment, but I didn't regret having tried it.

I turned to watch Paciorek stride to the plate, his 100th RBI, in the form of Garvey, perched on first. The fans and the Indians' bench were yelling encouragement. Paciorek's youthful all-American face was set; I could see how much he wanted it: the magic 100. It suddenly occurred to me that I could make a nice final contribution to the game: I could give 'em all what they wanted.

I straddled the rubber as the catcher

wigwagged the signal for a curveball. I nodded my approval, then immediately snapped off a 56-footer that ended up against the backstop, sending Garvey into scoring position on second. Whitey moved forward slightly, to the bottom dugout step.

My next pitch was another curve, also rolling to the backstop, sending Garvey to third, from where a fly ball would now score him. Whitey moved to the top step and I hustled in to cover the plate just in case Garvey got cute and tried to score all the way from second.

As I stood by the plate waiting for the catcher to return the ball, I edged next to Paciorek.

"Fastball, letter high," I whispered, then turned and quickly headed back for the mound.

I wasn't sure if he heard me, and even if he had, whether he'd believe me or not. It didn't make any difference; he was going to get a fastball letter high, come hell or come Whitey.

I checked Garvey on third, got the signal from the catcher, then started my windup. With a classic kick and a smooth follow-through I let fly with an 84-mph special delivery, letter high. It was a real beauty.

It's been more than 10 years since that pitch, yet I can still see the look in Paciorek's eyes. They lit up like sparklers in the dark. The ball exploded off his bat and took off into orbit into the eastern Washington night, headed toward Idaho. Farmers in the area probably thought it was a UFO.

The ball hadn't even started its descent before Whitey bounded out of the dugout and started toward the mound, hook in hand. Paciorek was barely into his Cadillac trot. Garvey was still on third, checking to make sure he looked good in his uniform.

When Whitey arrived at the mound there was no ball for him to snatch from me. It was lying crushed in a field, 100 feet beyond the left-centerfield wall. Whitey just motioned me off. No good-bye, no best wishes for a long and happy life. He'd seen enough.

I didn't hang my head, though. I put my glove under my arm, pushed my hat back on my head and walked off the mound with a smile, relieved that it was over and happy just to have been a part of it all for a few seasons. And I was sure I'd made at least one person happy during my career.

END



When we taught these tracks to talk, a lot of the world sat up and listened.

A couple of years ago, an extraordinary thing happened along some railroad tracks in Germany.

The tracks began talking to the trains. And the trains talked back.

Their dialogue wasn't exactly Noel Coward. But it made enough sense so that today more and more railroads are speaking the same electronic language.

You see, the dialogue between tracks and trains was the heart of an inge-

nious computer-based control system developed and built by the people of ITT.

This system monitors each train as it speeds along the track, continuously reporting where the train is and how fast it's going.

If there's another train up ahead—going the same way, on the same track—the track tells the train behind to slow down.

Or even tells it to stop, automatically.

Which means trains

can be run more frequently on the same track without getting in each other's way. Even trains doing 120 miles an hour, or more.

Since that first, successful demonstration track in Germany, our control system has been adapted for use by subway and railway authorities clear around the world.

Evidently, whatever the tracks and trains are saying to each other, the experts like what they hear.

The best ideas are the ideas that help people. ITT

Ray-O-Vac Sportsman®.

Built to take it. Built to last.



When it says Ray-O-Vac Sportsman, you're getting a light that will deliver top-notch performance, even under rugged conditions.

Take our Sportsman Fluorescent Camping Lantern. The hood and base are the same material used in pro-football helmets. The clear globe is shatter-proof. And two long-life fluorescent tubes give 360 degrees of bright, battery-powered light, night after night.

So there are no delicate mantles to fiddle with. No fuel. No flame. No danger. It's weatherproof, to shine through rain, snow, wind. Nothing else on the market can match it.

Need a smaller version?

Consider our single-tube fluorescent Sportsman lantern. It's tough, impact-resistant. Lightweight, compact. Yet it throws 180 degrees of light where you want it. There's solid-state, all-transistorized circuitry. Weatherproof construction. And all the flame-free advantages of the larger lantern.

Finally, the Sportsman Flashlight. Without doubt, the standard of the industry. Each one is extruded from a solid slab of steel. Then double chrome-plated. For a body tough enough to withstand years of dropping and tossing. And a finish that resists rust and

corrosion. The bulb and lens are spring cushioned to reduce breakage. The reflector produces a bright, round, even spotlight. And the switch—all steel and brass for better contact—has three positions (constant beam, flasher, off).

So whether you need a rugged camping lantern, or a flashlight made to last a lifetime, turn to the Ray-O-Vac Sportsman line of lights. But choose carefully. You'll have them for a long, long time. Look for them where you buy outdoor equipment. If unavailable for any reason, call toll free during business hours for a store near you:

1-800-356-9022

In Wisconsin:

1-800-362-5414.



FOR THE RECORD

A roundup of the week May 11-17

Compiled by CRAIG NEFF

PRO BASKETBALL—The Celtics won their 14th NBA championship by defeating Boston four games to two in their best-of-seven series (page 34)

BOWLING—KATSUO SUGIMOTO won a \$60,374 international women's tournament in Baltimore 164-158 over Virginia Norton

GOLF—FUZZY ZOEHLER shot a six-under-par 218 to win the \$100,000 Colonial National tournament in Fort Worth by four strokes over Mike Tveit (page 34)

KATHY WHITWORTH led the second hole of sudden death to defeat Alice Bowman in a \$125,000 LPGA tournament in Paradise, N.J. Both golfers finished regulation play at 251, eight under par

HOCKEY—The Islanders took a 3-0 lead over Minnesota at the first-of-seven games of the Stanley Cup playoffs (page 26)

HORSE RACING—PLEASANT COLONY (5) ORL, owned by Joseph Velazquez, caught Bird Eye in the stretch to win the \$112,000 Black-Eyed Susan Stakes at Pimlico by three lengths over Wayward Lass. The 3-year-old filly covered the 1 1/4 miles in 1:44.15 (page 32)

Lufkin Pioneer Jr. rode JOHN HENRY (5) BIRN to a three-quarter-length victory over Cierman in the \$200,000 Hollywood International Turf Handicap at Hollywood Park. The 6-year-old colt ran the 1 1/4 miles in 1:37.95

DAME MYSTERY (USE 15) MRS. Eddie Maple up, won the \$112,000 Black-Eyed Susan Stakes at Pimlico by three lengths over Wayward Lass. The 3-year-old filly covered the 1 1/4 miles in 1:44.15

LACROSSE—MARYLAND defeated UMass 5-4 to win the AIAW Division I championship in University Park, Pa. Delaware beat Lehigh 8-4 for the Division II title, while Toronto (N.S.) State won the Division III final 7-6 over Franklin & Marshall

MOTOR SPORTS—JOEY BILEY drove his Ford to a 22-second victory over Bobby Allison's Buick in the \$187,619 Mason-Graen 500 at Dover, Del. He averaged 119.593 mph around the one-mile Dover Downs International Speedway oval

CARLOS REUTEMANN, in a Williams, won the British Grand Prix at Silverstone by 36 seconds over Jacques Laffite in a Talbot-Lago. Reutemann's average speed for 53 laps of the 2.8-mile course was 119.48 mph

BOBBY UNSER, in a Porsche 911-R, won the pole position for the Indianapolis 500 with a 4-lap average qualifying run of 200.545 mph at the Indianapolis Motor Speedway. Mike Mosley qualified second at 197.141 mph, and A.J. Foyt was third at 196.073

ROAD RACING—CRAIG VIGGIN finished first among 37 off-road racers in the 7.63-mile Bay to Breakers race in San Francisco with a time of 37:59, four seconds ahead of his own course record. JANET ORDMAN was the women's winner in 41:47

SOCCER—NASL: Several teams tried new tactics to fight sagging attendance. Northwest Division-leading Portland chopped \$2.50 off an general admission ticket price and drew 10,515—more than twice the crowd for the Timbers' previous home NASL game—to a 2-0 win over Calgary. Dale Mitchell and John Ben, the league's fourth- and fifth-leading scorers, respectively, each had a goal and Stuart Lee, the No. 6 scorer, had an assist. California made its game against San Jose the opening act in a Beach Boys concert, then attracting 13,220 fans, his loss to the Earthquakes 2-1. In George Bion collected a goal and an assist. The Cosmos, whose attendance dropped almost 4,000 per game from last year's average of 42,000, posted their last home game by beating Tulsa 2-1 on a pair of goals by Giorgio Chinaglia, and led their game by playing another first-half game, the Chicago Sting. At 42,385 at Giants Stadium watched, Chivas scored a penalty-kick goal, but that wasn't enough as the Cosmos bowed to the Cosmos Division leaders 3-2 to overtime. Nati Roberts and Mike Connell scored knockout goals for Tampa Bay in the Rounders' 1-0 victory over the Southern Division's top team, Fort Lauderdale

ASL: With a 3-1 win over Cleveland in which Ron McDonald scored twice, Pennsylvania regained sole possession of the Lufkin Conference lead. Earlier in the week the Senators had fallen into a tie for first with New England by losing 2-1 to Freedom Conference leader Carolina while the Sharks won beating Rochester 4-0 behind Steve Rod's three interesting goals

TENNIS—PETER MAMAMARA upset Jimmy Connors 7-5, 6-1, 4-6, 6-4 to win the \$200,000 German Open in Hamburg

BRIAN TEACHER won the men's title at a \$200,000 tournament in Tokyo by beating B.J. Scanlon 2-4, 4-1, 7-5. ANDREA JAEGER defeated Tracy Austin 5-4, 6-3, 7-6 to take the women's final

DICK STOCKTON defeated Ross Turner 6-3, 4-2 in the finals of a \$100,000 tournament in Tulsa

CHRIS EYERT LLOYD won the finals of the \$100,000 Swiss Open at Lugano 6-3, 6-1 over Virginia Ruzici

SOUTHERN ILLINOIS-EDWARDSVILLE won its fourth straight NCAA Division II championship, in Little Rock, Ark. SUER Kien Flath won the singles title

TRACK & FIELD—BEN PLECKNETT of the U.S. broke the world 400-meter record set by Wolfgang Schmidt of East Germany in 1978, by two inches with a throw of 213' 1" in the California Relays in Modesto. At the same meet, BRIAN GLOVERILLO put the shot 77' 3" to surpass the U.S. record of 77' 8" set by Terry Abrahams in 1976

MILFORDS—CONVICTED Off first-degree murder and two Grand Jury prosecution charges by a San Jose, Calif., Jury superior court. Former WBC lightweight champion 1974-75 LESTERIAN DALLIS, 29, who was accused to wife in prison. DeLous was found guilty of fatally shooting 18-month-old Roberto Cisneros Guzman last Nov. 27 after a traffic dispute

HIREO As coach of the Winnipeg Jets, former Vancouver assistant TOM WATE, 45, who replaces assistant coaches Mike Smith and Bill Sutherland

As head coach of the Minnesota Kicks, former assistant GEOFF BARNETT, 44, Club President Fredrick Goodwin had been serving as coach

GARY GARNER, 37, formerly an assistant at Minnesota, to coach the Drake University basketball team

DIED HAMILTON P.D. (Text) MAULIE, 66, longtime 51 winner (1956-75) who was named for his coverage of pro football and was the author of 31 books, of a heart attack, in New York City

•• CREDITS ••

4—Dimitry Topol: Cheung Gum, Lee, Jeff, And, John, 20-27—Paul Gervais 28—Tony Evans 29—Manny Milla 30-31—Tony Evans 32—Manny Milla 33-34—Peter Reed Milla 35-36—Andy Hay 37-38—Lana Stewart 39—Andy Hay 40—Richard Mackeson 41—Hans Krummer 42—D.C. Reppel 43—Peter Reed Milla 44—Vic Almo 45-46—Buck Miller 47—Peter Reed Milla 48-49—Buck Miller 50—Tony Evans 51—Andy Hay 52—Richard Mackeson 53—Max Perkins 54-55—Peter Reed Milla 56-57—Tony Evans 58-59—Lana Stewart 60—Andy Hay 61—Buck Miller 62-63—Lana Stewart 64—Peter Reed Milla 65—Buck Miller 66-67—Lana Stewart 68—Lana Stewart 69—Buck Miller 70-71—Lana Stewart 72—Lana Stewart 73—Buck Miller 74-75—Lana Stewart 76—Buck Miller 77-78—Lana Stewart 79—Buck Miller 80-81—Lana Stewart 82—Lana Stewart 83—Buck Miller 84-85—Lana Stewart 86—Buck Miller 87-88—Lana Stewart 89—Buck Miller 90-91—Lana Stewart 92—Buck Miller 93-94—Lana Stewart 95—Buck Miller 96-97—Lana Stewart 98—Buck Miller 99-100—Lana Stewart

FACES IN THE CROWD

JENNINGS BOYD
NORFOLK, VA

Boyd, 47, has coached Class AA Northfolk High to eight consecutive state basketball titles, a national record. His teams, 197-62 since 1966, have won 42 straight home games and the state tournament's sportsmanship award eight times.

JENNY STORME
COLORADO SPRING, COLO.

Jenay, a third-grader at Skyway Elementary who took up skiing when she was 5, won the 9-and-under slalom, giant slalom and dual slalom titles in the Rocky Mountain region's Junior Olympics competition in Winter Park, Colo.

BERNIE BROWN
BERKELEY, CA

Brown, 18, finished his wrestling career at Bethlehem Catholic with 77 consecutive wins, 57 on pins, and two state 185-pound titles. The only state points scored on him in 37 matches this season were three takedowns and one reversal.

JAY JONES
SHERMAN OAK, CALIF.

Jones, 38, and Carow, 44, won the men's and women's senior titles at a national amateur racquetball championship in Anaheim, Calif. Jones, a three-time national finalist and a former Hollywood stunt man, defeated Ed Remen of Sterling, Va. 6-15, 15-5, 15-4 in the finals. Carow, an insurance saleswoman who has won eight Illinois amateur crowns, beat Gerti Stoffgen of Cincinnati 12-15, 15-11, 15-10 for her third United States senior singles championship

BUE CAROW
DETROIT, MICH.

DALE JENKINS
ARLINGTON, TEXAS

Dale, a senior at Abilene Christian High School, pole vaulted 17' 5 1/2" to break by 7 1/2" the state high school mark set in 1977 by current NCAA outdoor champ Randal Hall of Texas A&M. Only three high school vaulters have done better.

Edited by GAY FLOOD

THREE-SPORT MAN

Sir:

As Kenny Moore says in his excellent article *The Three-Sport Man: Hail and Farewell* (May 11), one is saddened that the American collegiate sports system as it exists today makes Dan Jones an exception. Fortunately, there are still colleges like Lewis and Clark where the love of athletics is recognized for what it is: a joyful contribution to the development of well-rounded, healthy adults. Jones is obviously living a ball in an environment that accepts him for what he is: an intelligent young man who loves sports.

A copy of the article should be sent to every college athletic director in the country.

WILLIAM C. COLE
San Clemente, Calif.

Sir:

As I read Kenny Moore's fine article on three-sport college men, I remembered something I gleaned from Goethe as an undergraduate. He said of modern culture: "Specialists without spirit, sensualists without heart; this nullity imagines that it has attained a level of civilization never before achieved."

Hats off to Moore for recognizing the alarming gravitation of higher education in this country toward such a state of affairs.

PAUL A. COLBURN
Marlborough, Conn.

Sir:

I'm a ninth-grader getting ready to attend high school this fall. Having played football, basketball and baseball in junior high, I had been wondering which one or two of those sports I could pursue in high school and still be able to maintain my grades. Your article has helped me make up my mind. I'm going to continue playing all three. Dan Jones is an outstanding example for kids in my position.

SCOTT DODGE
Ogden, Utah

Sir:

Your survey failed to turn up Carleton College sophomore Bobby Taylor, who has lettered in four sports in the span of two years. Taylor has lettered twice in football and once each in basketball, track and baseball. He's a pro prospect in football and, at 6' 3" and 175 pounds, he sounds very much like Dan Jones. Keep an eye on him in 1982-83. If the three-sport man is a rarity, the four-sport star like Taylor is a dinosaur. To play even two sports here, with our rigorous academic schedule, is quite an accomplishment.

BOB SULLIVAN
Head Baseball and Football Coach
Carleton College
Northfield, Minn.

Sir:

Paul R. Belanger of Colby College, who graduates this spring, has participated in football, basketball and baseball during each of his four years at Colby and has excelled to such a degree that pro baseball and football scouts have looked at him. Belanger was a quarterback and punter and, at times, a wide receiver, a basketball guard; and a baseball infielder-outfielder with remarkable power and speed, not to mention a batting average of .401 this season and .356 for his career.

PAUL J. MICHAUD
Sanford, Maine

Sir:

Wheaton College has its own answer of the "hallowed trinity." Steve Thonn, a sophomore, decided to play football this year after sitting out his freshman season. He led the team in receptions and in yards receiving. He also played point guard as a reserve on the basketball team, and he starts in the outfield on the baseball team. As a freshman, Steve was tied for the team lead in home runs and led in stolen bases while batting .311 and making no errors in the outfield.

BRIAN BAIRD
KURT MADSEN
TOM THORNTON
Wheaton, Ill.

Sir:

Henry Milligan of Princeton has combined football, wrestling and baseball. Milligan is a three-year starter in football (defensive back) and baseball (third base and shortstop), and is also an All-America wrestler in the 190-pound division. As a junior, Milligan placed in the top 12 in the NCAA Division I heavy-weight wrestling championships. Not bad for a guy of 188 pounds. Henry has earned a total of 10 letters.

JEN PECK
Princeton, N.J.

Sir:

Bobby Howe, a freshman at Hamilton College, is also a three-sport man. He played varsity soccer this past fall. Then, partly because of an overlap of seasons and a late start on the ice, he played junior-varsity hockey until the second half of the season, when he began playing regularly on the varsity team, participating in the ECAC hockey tournament in March. Bobby traded hockey stick for lacrosse stick this spring and was a starting attackman and the team's second-leading scorer. These are rugged contact sports and must put a heavy toll on an athlete who is all of 5' 5" and 142 pounds after a heavy meal!

CHUCK VERNON
Windsor, Conn.

Sir:

Kenny Moore emphasizes the "hallowed trinity" of football, basketball and baseball. However, many knowledgeable observers will argue that the trio of football, wrestling and lacrosse is a much more formidable combination. Johns Hopkins University sophomore Haswell Franklin is a starting defenseman on the defending national-champion lacrosse team, a football linebacker and a heavyweight wrestler.

MARK ARBACCHIO
EDWARD KENNEDY
RICHARD CHANG
MATTHEW MARTELLO
Baltimore

Sir:

You interviewed three-sport man Terry Baker, a failure in professional sports, when you might have talked to another three-sport man who is a success in the pros. Dave Logan, wide receiver for the Cleveland Browns, who appeared on the cover of your 1980 Pro Football Issue (Sept. 8), was instrumental in helping Cleveland win the AFC Central Division title last season. But consider this: After lettering in football, basketball and track at the University of Colorado, he was drafted by the Browns, the Kansas City Chiefs and the Cincinnati Reds—because of his high school baseball prowess; he played no baseball at Colorado.

TERRY STABLE
Westlake, Ohio

Sir:

The article reminded me of one of my fraternity brothers at Wittenberg University, Robert Cherry, class of '64. He not only earned 12 varsity letters in three sports, but also achieved marked success in each.

An All-American in football, he played in only two losing games in four years. In basketball, he led the Tigers to No. 1 NCAA College Division rankings in the AP and UPI polls and an NCAA College Division championship. While he earned numerous individual All-Conference and All-Tournament honors in both of these sports, his best was probably track, in which his talent and versatility were once recognized in SI (FACES IN THE CROWD, June 1, 1964). In 1964 he was the NCAA regional winner in the 120-yard high hurdles but was kept out of the finals and the Olympic Trials by a muscle injury.

As SI noted, in one dual track meet with Ohio Northern, Cherry personally accounted for 33 points, winning the broad jump, triple jump, 100-yard dash, the 120-yard high hurdles, the 220-yard dash and the 330-yard intermediate hurdles. What SI didn't say is that

continued

Save 40% at Sears



Sears Heavy Duty Shock. The shock that helps give you comfort and control. Now only \$5.99 each. Installation extra. Sale starts May 3rd.

Deadline May 30th

You can count on

Sears

© Sears, Roebuck and Co., 1990

This is the minimum savings nationally. Regular price varies in some markets. Prices and dates may vary in Alaska and Hawaii.

Save 40% at Sears



Sears Steel-Belted Radial Tires. The tire with the heritage of the tough roads. Our largest dollar savings ever on this tire, 40% off Spring '81 general catalog prices. Plus Federal Excise Tax. Sale starts May 3rd. While quantities last.

While they last

You can count on

Sears

© Sears, Roebuck and Co., 1991

Prices and dates may vary in Alaska and Hawaii.

You are what Money magazine is all about.

Your home.

From how to check out a house before you buy to which improvements pay off when you sell, cutting the cost of a paint job to refinancing your mortgage for quick cash!

Your car and

Which cars today keep their value best and the pros and cons of front-wheel drive...how the new models stack up and what mileage figures mean to you!

Your investments!

What the experts see ahead for the market...switching mutual funds to beat the market...real estate partnerships and funds...investing in paintings, antiques, stamps, rare books!

Your taxes and

From the right way to fight back against rising property taxes to middle-income tax shelters...states that tax you most and least...and what IRS auditors look for!

Your career.

To switch or not to switch careers...the perils and pleasures of owning a store or restaurant...do-your-own-things careers...raising capital to start a business...

MONEY is the monthly magazine that tells you how you can live better on the money you've got. MONEY is published by the same people who publish TIME, FORTUNE and LIFE magazines. So you can be sure it's filled with reliable, expert ad-



vice...and it's lively and readable, too!

A year of MONEY? Only \$19.95 for 12 issues! Just call the toll-free number below. Or write MONEY, 541 North Fairbanks Court, Chicago, Illinois 60611.

CALL 800-621-8200 TOLL-FREE.

(in Illinois, 800-972-8302)

19TH HOLE continued

he would have won the high jump that day, too, but declined to take his final jumps because a teammate had already jumped higher than any of the competition.

He was a master of all trades.

ROBERT E. RIDDLE, D.D.S.
Goshen, Ind.

Sir:

I can't believe you failed to mention Pat Richter of Wisconsin. In the early 1960s he was an All-America in football, and he also lettered in basketball and baseball.

CHARLES ORMSBY
Torrington, Conn.

BIG HITTERS Sir:

I thoroughly enjoyed your article on the Miami Hurricanes, their entrepreneur-coach, Ron Fraser, and Pitcher Neal Heaton (*The Heat Is On With Heaton*, May 4). But now that you have analyzed the pitching-rich Miami team, how about taking a look at the hiting wonders of the Southern Division of the Pac-10? As a member of the University of Arizona baseball team, I have the dubious distinction of pitching in this league, which is nationally recognized as the toughest. For instance, a couple of weeks ago in Tucson in a three-game series between Stanford and Arizona, the Cardinals got 48 runs on 59 hits, while our Wildcats got 37 runs on 39 hits. If you don't have a calculator handy, that adds up to an average of 28.3 runs and 32.7 hits per game.

The funny thing is, there are scores like this every weekend. USC Coach Rod De-Deaux says it's the aluminum bats; Arizona State's Jim Brock says it's the talent of the hitters; and Arizona's Jerry Kindall says it's "awesome." We "Six Pac" pitchers say it's murder.

DANIEL B. POWERS
Tucson

MICHIGAN'S PROWESS Sir:

I feel compelled to respond to Todd Fredrickson, Princeton, class of '83 (19th HOLE, April 13), and his inaccurate and typically sophomoric conclusion regarding the too often assumed academic superiority of Ivy League schools. To even suggest bracketing Michigan with USC as a "mere sports center" is a gross misrepresentation of Michigan's image.

Fredrickson may be surprised to learn not only that Michigan fielded the winningest major college football team of the 1970s (not counting bowl games), but also that in 1979 *The Chronicle of Higher Education* carried the results of a 1977 Ladd-Lipset survey that had Michigan tied for fourth among U.S. universities in distinguished faculty and academic excellence. Michigan placed 15 academic departments, of 19 fields surveyed, among the nation's very best. No other institution appears in the top 10 on both of these academic and football lists. Reader

continued

Sat. Nite

Suddenly, a car comes along that can reach down and grab you by the seat of the pants. A car that moves you with precision race manners, sizzling over with finely tuned excitement. Mustang. Hot Stuff.

FORD MUSTANG

FORD DIVISION



34 ^{city} 23 ^{hwy}



Estimates for comparison. Your mileage may differ, depending on speed, traffic and weather. Actual highway mileage and cost estimates vary.

Sizzle!

Mustang. Hot Stuff



800-

CALL THIS TOLL-FREE NUMBER

621-

IT'S THE QUICKEST, EASIEST WAY TO...

8200

In Illinois call 800-972-8302

- RENEW your own SPORTS ILLUSTRATED subscription.
- ORDER a new subscription.
- GIVE a SPORTS ILLUSTRATED subscription to a deserving sports fan

In SPORTS ILLUSTRATED you'll get all the action, color and excitement of your favorite sports. Every week. All year round.

Football, hockey, baseball, basketball, Tennis, golf, boxing, sailing, running. SI's got them all covered. With vivid full-color photography and dynamic writing that give you an insider's insight into the crucial plays, the surprise moves, the winning strategies.

So call SI's special toll-free number today, or write to: SPORTS ILLUSTRATED, 541 North Fairbanks Court, Chicago, Illinois 60611. We'll be happy to bill you later.

Sports Illustrated

IN A LEAGUE BY ITSELF

18TH HOLE continued

Fredrickson owes the University of Michigan an apology.

VIRGINIA S. NICKLAS
Michigan '89
Pittsburgh

NOTRE DAME'S RECORD

Sir:

In his recent letter (19TH HOLE, April 27), reader Jack Dymec observes, "Notre Dame annually attracts top high school [football] talent from all over the country, but you can't tell that by its record. In my opinion, no other team, amateur or professional, does so little with so much."

Perhaps Mr. Dymec should take a closer look at Notre Dame's record: an overall win-loss percentage of .774 (1887-1980), the best in all of college football. And no one can match the 10 national championships won by the Irish.

Let Mr. Dymec ponder the records of Coach Knute Rockne (.897 winning percentage), Frank Leahy (.888) and Ara Parseghian (.848). One could hardly conclude from these numbers that Notre Dame's talent is going to waste.

GORDON DILNO
Naples, Fla.

● Right: Notre Dame is the winningest Division I-A team of all time. However, according to the latest available NCAA statistics, Notre Dame ranks as only the 13th winningest I-A team of the past five seasons, including bowl games, and 14th (tied with McNeese State) excluding bowl games. The Irish are No. 8 over the past 10 regular seasons and No. 12 on the list of the winningest teams of the past 25 regular seasons. For the years 1930-79, also excluding bowl games, the NCAA ranked Notre Dame third, behind Alabama and Oklahoma.—ED

Sir:

Surely reader Dymec wasn't referring to the 1980 Notre Dame football team. "Over-publicized?" SPORTS ILLUSTRATED didn't even rate the Irish in its top 25 preseason picks, yet the team achieved top ranking in the polls during the season and played the eventual national champion in the Sugar Bowl. Ask the Bear if he thinks Notre Dame plays up to its ability.

FRANK D. CARPIN
Notre Dame '62
Richmond

Sir:

I guess the Irish have built such a powerful reputation over the years that if they don't go 12-0-0 and win the national championship every season, they're viewed as underachievers.

STEVE RONSKE
Elkhart, Ind.

Address editorial mail to SPORTS ILLUSTRATED, Time & Life Building, Rockefeller Center, New York, New York, 10020.

Gilbey's idea of a Gin and Tonic:

Taste the gin, too.

Gilbey's Gin is made with a unique idea in mind. The taste of the gin is important and should not be hidden by the mixer. So when you drink a Gilbey's Gin & Tonic, you'll taste the gin, too.



The 100% bottle with the garnish is not available for sale in some states. © 1991 Gilbey's Ltd. All rights reserved. Gilbey's is a registered trademark of Gilbey's Ltd. All other trademarks are the property of their respective owners.

NOW

The Lowest

Box
Less than
0.01 mg tar



Box 100's
0.1 mg tar

Also available:
Soft Pack 85's
and 100's

Regular or Menthol



BOX, Less than 0.01 mg. "tar", 0.005 mg. nicotine,
BOX 100's, 0.1 mg. "tar", 0.01 mg. nicotine,
SOFT PACK 100's, FILTER, MENTHOL, 2 mg. "tar", 0.2 mg. nicotine,
av. per cigarette by FTC method; SOFT PACK FILTER, MENTHOL,
2 mg. "tar", 0.2 mg. nicotine, av. per cigarette,
FTC Report DEC. '79.

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined
That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.